

The New Cancer Constituency

*With one of four
Americans suffering
from it already,
cancer may be the
hottest political
issue of the 1980s.*



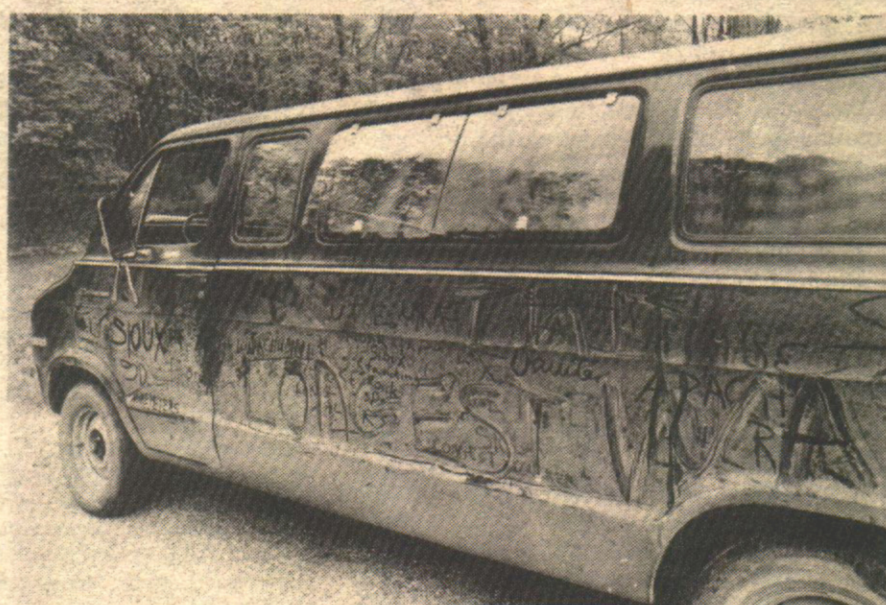
Bob Fitch



IMAGES OF WORK

A photo essay by Ken Light

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THE LONGEST WALK

*Indians march to Washington
to defend their rights.*

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THE INSIDE STORY

JOHN JUDIS



General Peled on Israel and the PLO

Mattityahu Peled, major general (retired) in the Reserve Army of Israel, is professor of Arabic at Tel Aviv University. He is Visiting Professor at Harvard University in the current academic year. Peled was Israeli chief of logistics in the six days war (1967), commander of the Gaza Strip and head of the Command and General Staff College of Israel. He is a leading member of SHELI and a founder of the Israel Council for Israeli-Palestine Peace.

The following is an interview conducted by George Carrano and Jon Fisher.

How do you explain the rift between the Carter administration and Begin?

I fail to understand the current tension between Israel and Washington. If it is true that the U.S. is totally against Palestinian independence and if the U.S. is definitely against an Israeli withdrawal from occupied territories, then they might as well accept Begin's plan because it is the same thing. Or vice versa. Without accepting the rights of the Palestinian people for self-determination and without accepting the principle of complete withdrawal from occupied territories there can be no progress. And as long as Begin's aim is to prevent that progress, he could just as well do it without any disagreement with the U.S.

They must realize that as long as they reject the idea of a Palestinian state they reject the main element in a peace settlement.

Peace movement skirts issues.

How would you describe the nature and goals of the Israeli Peace Movement?

I think that what is happening now is really a renewed demand for peace and is certainly a very encouraging development. However, I don't know right now what is the exact nature of the movement.

They avoid being specific and we had a similar experience which ended in a very shameful way after the war in 1973. We had at that time a spontaneous movement of a similar nature which avoided being specific on any issue except for general concepts like the need for responsibility and the need for peace and these sorts of things. What developed from it was the New Democratic Movement for Change, which is now a member of Begin's coalition and perhaps one of its staunchest supporters.

The present peace movement has not yet mentioned the word Palestinian. They speak of "just territorial compromise" which is a very vague definition. What do they mean by compromise? I personally don't see any other compromise—either you give the terri-

ories or you hold the territories.

The explanation usually is that by being less specific you can get more people into the movement. But then, of course, it remains that when the actual problems come out as to what you really want to achieve, you have no idea for an answer. Now when he saw that, Begin spoke to some people, leaders in that movement, and said he would like them to give him specific formulas. He had the feeling that once they specified what they wanted they would join his party, which may be true.

On the other hand, knowing some individuals who participate very actively, I would tend to think that sooner or later they would become more political in their formulations. In which case they would probably lose some of the popular support but, on the other hand, they can become a constant political element.

How are critics of the government treated? With the country always on a wartime footing how is dissent viewed? Have your own activities in maintaining relations with Palestinians been equated with subversion or "treason"?

No, this has never been the case and no one has suggested that our views are "treasonous." On the contrary, and I think it was Begin who very clearly insisted on this point, no political differences can be labeled "treasonous."

The most serious test on these matters came in 1976 when the Knesset had to debate our relations with the PLO. Some members from the Likud proposed taking action against us and this proposal was defeated. Beginning with the Minister of Justice on down to members of the various parties, all agreed this was an unacceptable course—that people are entitled to their ideas and that as long as they operate within the law their views are just as respected as any others. The Minister of Justice insisted that while he did not agree with us he would never impute any dishonest or any treacherous motives to what we were doing. Although I did come to realize that within the American Jewish community there is a greater tendency to view any deviation from the official line in these terms. I have felt this personally on several occasions here, but as yet this hasn't crossed the ocean to Israel.

Invasion a blunder

Why did Israel invade Lebanon and what has been the impact at home?

This was a tremendous blunder. It was uncalled for by any consideration and people in Israel are really starting to debate the outcome of the invasion. I have no hesitation in saying that the PLO raid was taken as a pretext to carry out a plan which has been advocated by certain circles in Israel for many years.

Apparently the present government is much more attentive to these kinds of pressures and as soon as the opportunity was given them they carried out the operation which certainly has nothing to do with fighting terror or terrorism. I don't think it harmed the PLO one bit.

According to our own claims, they lost 300 men out of some 10,000 and I suppose that among these 300 you could count half as Lebanese who had nothing to do with it. So it was certainly a grave mistake and worsened Israel's position internationally. It made Israel's job in explaining itself far more difficult, as everybody can see. And on top of this, it made many Israelis unhappy with the ease with which our government can decide on such an operation.

Does Israel have economic objectives in Lebanon?

Yes, those who advocated the invasion always pointed out the water resources [of the Litani River] and probably this is why the United Nations took such swift action to insure that Israel doesn't entrench itself in

Lebanon, because it would take no more than two or three months before our engineers would come in and start developing plans and the archaeologists would start finding all kinds of evidence that 2,000 years ago Jews lived there and so forth.

Times article false.

After the recent PLO raid you were quoted in the NEW YORK TIMES saying that with this act they had written themselves out of any negotiations. This statement was picked up from the TIMES and given considerable play in the JERUSALEM POST. Do you still hold to that statement?

Well, that report was completely false. The whole article was false. Israel Shenger of the New York Times came in to talk to me. He had an idea of writing an extensive article on a history of peace ideas in Israel. We discussed the methods going back to the '40s and '50s and we discussed present-day issues. I didn't know it was going to change into a very short news item stating that I said this and that.

I wrote a letter to the Times in which I tried to correct the impression. And, of course, I admit that I think the decision of the PLO to go back to acts of violence after nearly three years in which they refrained from these acts was a very unfortunate change in their policy. And for all of us in Israel who advocated the recognition and acceptance of the PLO, not on the basis of specific statements, but on the basis of their actual conduct which indicated a change in the definition of the political goals, this certainly meant abstention from violence. We thought that based on this conduct Israel should make a gesture encouraging acceptance of the PLO. Well, now our position has become a much more difficult one.

Why did they decide to suddenly change their policy just at a time when Sadat opened a new era in Arab/Israeli relations—I don't know. Even today I don't know, and I failed to get an explanation from people close to the PLO whom I tried to meet with as much as I can.

But as a question of basic political fact, this has not eliminated the Palestinians from the map. They're there, and unless we find a way of negotiating with them, of coming to terms with them, I don't see any likelihood that a stable peace will ever be established.

Arafat recently stated in an interview with Anthony Lewis in the NEW YORK TIMES that an American-Soviet guarantee would be necessary for the security of both Israel and a Palestinian state. The TIMES interpreted this to be a new departure. What significance do you see in this development?

In terms of what is generally known to the public it can be considered a departure. Up to now PLO spokesmen said things that indicated that this was their new goal, although not as explicitly as Arafat this time. But for those who know the PLO more intimately there is nothing new in what he said.

However, I feel that Anthony Lewis failed to ask Arafat the most crucial question: Why the PLO decided to reject Sadat's invitation in December and why did they launch the attack on Israel? These are departures.

PLO created an obstacle.

A current explanation for the PLO attack is that they were being squeezed out of the settlement process and the raid was a way of drawing attention to their situation.

I don't think this is a correct description of the situation. When Sadat instituted the Cairo conference, to be attended by only Israel and Egypt, he extended an invitation to the PLO as well and without any pre-conditions. This was contrary to the idea for a Geneva peace conference where it was clear that unless the PLO made some statement accepting the principles of [UN Secur-

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Change comes to Mississippi

By John Judis

JACKSON, MISS.

WITH JAMES O. EASTLAND's announcement last March that he was withdrawing from the election, the stage was set for Mississippi's first openly contested Senate race since 1947. It was also set for another episode in Mississippi's transition from the "Old South" to the "New," as the venerable segregationist Eastland would pass on the mantle to a more moderate heir.

The results of the June 6 Senate primaries suggest that this will take place. Both Democratic candidates for the June 27 runoff, Gov. Cliff Finch and Maurice Dantin, as well as the Republican nominee, Rep. Thad Cochran, are self-styled "racial moderates."

But while Eastland's heir will break with him on civil rights issues, he may not do so on anything else. Unlike their neighbors in Arkansas, none of Mississippi's leading Senate candidates has shown much moderation on defense issues or on the rights of labor unions. Only on welfare and public job money has there been any change from the traditional Eastland stands.

This may reflect Mississippi's special place in the "New South."

Civil rights battleground.

Since the Civil War, Mississippi has been the major civil rights battleground in the South. After Reconstruction ended, the terror practiced against blacks to keep them from the polls was dubbed the "Mississippi Plan." In the '50s and '60s SNCC and the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party did battle with the White Citizens' Council, which originated in Mississippi, and a resurgent Ku Klux Klan.

Mississippi's historic intransigence had its roots in its continuing economic backwardness. Once the foremost cotton state in the South, it never recovered from the Civil War. It became, and remained, the least developed and poorest state in the Union, with a majority of its whites and blacks condemned to rural penury and isolation.

During the last 30 years Mississippi has been a junior partner in the Sunbelt boom. Manufacturing, rather than agriculture, is now the main source of employment for Mississippians. With agriculture mechanized, the tenant farmers and sharecroppers that used to dot the Delta and the small farmers of the southeast have largely disappeared.

The forces that promoted industrialization in the state—chiefly Mississippi's Research and Development Center and its growing AFL-CIO—have also promoted, as the prerequisites for attracting industry, a trained integrated labor force and the absence of racial conflict.

Today, about three-fourths of Mississippi's counties have integrated schools, and the labor force is largely integrated. Visible racial tension is less than in most northern cities. Discrimination increasingly takes the same form it does in the North—lower level jobs and tracking in the schools. And the estimated 300,000 registered black voters, exercising the franchise after the 1965 Voting Rights Act, have demonstrated in the 1975 governor's race and in the 1976 presidential race that they can make the difference in a contest.

But Mississippi's development, which has brought integration in its wake, has still not kept pace with the rest of the South. Mississippi remains at the bottom of the economic barrel, with the lowest per capita income in the country. It has 1 percent of the country's population, but requires 10 percent of its welfare funds.

Its politicians tend to agree with its businessmen that as the poorest state Mississippi cannot afford the luxury of widespread unionization and higher wages, which will drive away industry, nor can



Mississippi politics is a mix of civil rights liberalism, Cold War anti-communism and fiscal conservatism. Democratic frontrunner Maurice Dantin (above) fits this mold.

it offend the arms producers, who supply the orders for Mississippi's largest industries.

These views resonate with a traditional frontier dislike for labor unions and an unquestioning patriotism.

As a result, one sees in Mississippi a politics that combines civil rights liberalism with Cold War anti-communism and economic conservatism, tempered only by a grudging support among some for federal welfare programs.

Rednecks and blacknecks.

The first major elected official to court the black vote was Gov. William Waller, who had to defeat Charles Evers, the mayor of Fayette and the brother of slain NAACP head Medgar Evers, in the fall 1971 election. Waller appointed blacks to public positions and made important symbolic gestures such as declaring a state holiday in honor of Medgar Evers.

In the 1975 governor's race, William Winter, a Waller protege, was upset for the Democratic nomination by Cliff Finch, a small town damage suits lawyer, who demonstrated his commitment to working people by spending one day a week of his campaign digging ditches, riding a tractor or working behind a store counter.

Finch won the primary with white segregationist support, but in his successful race against moderate Republican Gil Carmichael, he actively sought and received black and labor support with promises of influence and participation in his administration. After his victory, Finch claimed he had created a coalition of "rednecks and blacknecks."

As governor, Finch appointed blacks to state boards and removed the freeze that even his predecessor had honored on federal poverty funds. "The governor's mansion was wider open to us than ever before," Aaron Henry, state NAACP head and co-chair of Mississippi's Democratic Party, said.

Other black leaders concurred. "The man has actually put down things that we could concretely use," Unita Blackwell, Mississippi's first black woman mayor, said. "He has created a new climate in Mississippi."

But in addition to appointing blacks, Finch also appointed to office his supporters among ex-Klansmen and White Citizens' Council members. His regime was characterized by scandal as one after another Finch appointee absconded with state funds.

In early January he began a campaign designed to win new popular support. In a series of regular weekend meetings, he advocated limiting the cost of license plates to \$20 (instead of having the cost assessed according to the worth of the car) and permitting a governor to serve more than one term.

Finch's support erodes.

With Finch widely rumored to be entering the Senate race and with former Gov. Waller already in, Eastland, 73, decided he was not up to a primary challenge and withdrew. Finch immediately entered the race, as did former Columbia mayor Maurice Dantin and former Lt. Gov. Charles Sullivan.

Finch, Dantin and Waller each courted the black voter. "You would think they were campaigning in Nigeria or the Ivory Coast," one disgruntled segregationist told me. Even Sullivan, who was widely reputed to be the closet racist, sought Aaron Henry's support.

Finch was the frontrunner; to most observers the question was whether Finch could be kept below 50 percent and forced into a runoff. But as the campaign progressed, it became clear his support was eroding.

His white conservative backers deserted him. Elmore Douglass Greaves, whom Finch had appointed to the Agriculture and Industry Board after his support in 1975, resigned from the board the week before the election and fired off an open

letter to Finch on behalf of "those white conservatives who put you in the Governor's office."

Greaves charged that Finch had spurned the white conservatives. The last straw was when, after failing to attend a Confederate Memorial Day event, Finch had attended a Medgar Evers Day celebration, where, according to Greaves, Finch engaged "in a ludicrous dance with adult Negro men while singing that anti-white hymnal of hate, 'We Shall Overcome.'"

His black support also suffered when Charles Evers and Henry Kirksey, a Jackson civil rights leader, announced they would run as independents in November.

Evers, who had supported Finch in 1975, became angry last January when Finch ignored a delegation of black mayors who had visited him to protest a police attack against a fellow mayor. Evers and Kirksey criticized Finch for hiring Klansmen and charged that he had relegated blacks to "meaningless" governmental positions.

And he also lost support among voters angered by his corruption and showboating. Wilson F. Minor, the crusading editor of the weekly *Capital Reporter*, epitomized this opposition. "Everything is done for power and effect," Minor said. A disgruntled white farmer put it even more concisely: "Finch is just a big bullshitter."

Advantage of being unknown.

Waller was thought to be the voters' second choice, but Dantin came on strong. In May, Dantin won the AFL-CIO's endorsement. They had backed Finch in 1975, but according to state head Claude Ramsey, Finch had reneged on his promises by appointing "anti-labor bastards" to key state posts.

While Dantin supported Mississippi's anti-union "right-to-work" law, the AFL-CIO nevertheless felt he was the best choice among generally anti-labor politicians. "He wanted our support more than Finch," Ramsey explained.

The AFL-CIO support was expected to help among black voters, who form a growing part of the AFL-CIO's 90,000 members.

Dantin also picked up support from key Eastland backers, including the family of party co-chair Tom Riddell.

But probably Dantin's greatest advantage was his not having been in a major public office before. "Because everybody knows these other guys, and they don't know him, he looks clean," Jackson political analyst Ken Lawrence remarked.

The sizzle not the steak.

When I arrived in Jackson a week before the election, I went to each candidate's office to get their "issue sheets." Most candidates are eager to provide the press with reams of public statements about everything under the sun. But I found that none of the major candidates had anything resembling issue sheets. The Dantin people gave me a 3"x8" leaflet, and the Finch people handed me a short biography describing Finch's origins on "the poorest piece of land in Panola county."

When I asked what the issues were, I got a puzzled look. Dantin's campaign manager wasn't sure his candidate had a position on labor law reform, but he thought he would favor a filibuster.

Hearing the candidates themselves, it was hard to tell them apart. They all feared that America has become a "second-rate power;" they all decried high prices, smut and the Soviet Union; and they all support home, family, religion and the free enterprise system. When I asked the *Capital-Reporter's* Bill Minor about the campaign, he said, "It's all personality. Mississippians vote for the sizzle rather than the steak."

But personality often conveys a certain politics, and after several days of listening to orations and watching TV spots, I began to see some political differences. Sullivan's closet racism came out in his

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UN demos demand disarmament now

By Patrick Lacefield

NEW YORK

AS THE CIVIL DEFENSE AIR raid siren echoed through Dag Hammarskjöld Plaza, thousands of demonstrators crumpled to the ground where they stood, each wearing a tag identifying him or herself as a "nuclear victim." As the siren faded away it was replaced by orange-robed Buddhist monks pounding drums and chanting, along with hibakusha, Japanese A-bomb survivors, "No more Hiroshima, No more Nagasaki."

The simulated "die-in" was the climax of five days of activities coinciding with the opening of the United Nations Special Session on Disarmament here sponsored by the Mobilization for Survival, an umbrella coalition of over 300 peace, environmental, community and anti-nuclear groups. The goals of the barely one-year-old Mobilization are zero nuclear weapons, a halt to the arms race, a ban on nuclear power and increased funding for human needs.

"Who says the peace movement is dead?" asked long-time activist Dave Delinger of a crowd estimated at 15-20,000 at a May 27 rally at the UN.

If the turnout and spirit of the participants was any indication, one might well ask "who indeed?" The demonstration was the largest disarmament protest since the early 1960s and the largest progressive gathering of any sort in New York City since 1975.

"If only 5,000 had come we'd have felt we suffered a real defeat," said David McReynolds of the War Resisters League. "If 10,000 had come, we'd had felt we were in the ball park. But with 15,000 we think we scored a major victory—the largest disarmament rally held in the U.S. in decades."

The participants who marched across Manhattan and up Second Avenue to Dag Hammarskjöld Plaza included an international delegation of about 700 from a dozen countries. Traditional peace groups and religious contingents from all across the country made up the bulk of the marchers, although a small trade union contingent also took part, mostly from District 65 in New York City and from 1199, the Hospital Workers Union.

York City and from 1199, the Hospital Workers Union.

Rep. John Conyers (D-MI) brought the crowd to its feet when he ripped into Vice President Walter Mondale's speech before the UN Special Session a few days previous, calling it a disgrace and reading a letter that he and 18 other members of Congress had sent to President Carter asking him to reconsider his decision not to attend the Special Session.

"This is important, Mr. President," Conyers read, his voice rising to a crescendo. "We plead with you to listen to the people who elected you. Come to New York, Mr. President. This is the most important subject we will ever discuss—whether we live or die!"

Later a delegation from the Mobilization paid a visit to the U.S. Mission to the UN to deliver over 30,000 signatures on petitions calling for bold initiatives toward disarmament to UN Ambassador Andrew Young. Young, who had watched the rally from a nearby balcony, was clearly pleased by the day's activities, according to members of the delegation, and came close to adding his own name to the petitions.

Nevertheless, Mobilization organizers are continuing their plans for a mass civil disobedience action at the U.S. Mission on June 12—barring positive disarmament steps by the Carter administration.

The May 27 rally was the highlight of five days of intense disarmament activity by the Mobilization. On the previous Thursday over 500 participants in a "Religious Convocation for Survival" journeyed to the South Bronx at the invitation of local black and Hispanic ministers to demonstrate their commitment to a reordering of priorities to meet human needs in the cities. The group marched down Charlotte Street past abandoned buildings and rubble to the site President Carter visited last year. There, joined by area children and unemployed construction workers from the United Tremont Trades, they held a short religious service and built a "monument to life" from the voluminous quantities of South Bronx rubble.

The following day an international and interdenominational religious service was held at the Church of St. Paul of the Apostle in Manhattan, attended by over 2,000 people of a dozen different faiths.



When the sirens went on at the UN, a crowd of 5,000 simulated death to illustrate the theme, "No evacuation would be possible."

The worshippers heard an Islamic call-to-prayer, a blessing by an American Indian, readings by a swami, a Buddhist priest and a rabbi, and a message from an Hispanic evangelical. An estimated 3-5,000 people then marched from the church to the UN to carry a religious protest against nuclear armaments to Lazar Mojsov of Yugoslavia, president of the UN General Assembly.

Over 1,000 women attended an international women's gathering on Sunday in Stuyvesant Park around the theme "Disarmament is a Women's Issue." Closing out Mobilization activities was a conference of the International Mobilization for Survival at Columbia University that drew over 600 delegates from the

U.S., Canada, Sweden, Great Britain, West Germany, Japan, Netherlands, Norway, Denmark, France, Spain and Yugoslavia. Mobilization leaders attached particular importance to the active participation of Yugoslavia in the Mobilization and also the fact that a representative from Vietnam addressed the conference, feeling that such involvement augured the beginnings of a working relationship between the non-aligned states who tenaciously pushed for the convening of the UN Special Session and the largely Western-based disarmament movement.

Patrick Lacefield is on the staff of WIN magazine and is active in the Mobilization for Survival.

Tax protest brings victory for right in primary elections

With a world recession continuing, welfare capitalism has suffered one defeat after another. The victors so far have been rightwing "populists" who have focused on taxes as the single greatest ill in the U.S. The latest instance has been in the June 6 California and New Jersey elections.

The practical effect of this tax revolt has been to reproduce the conflict between the "middle class" taxpayers and the various clients of the state, chiefly from minority groups, who depend upon its munificence for their survival.

In California Proposition 13 won a two-to-one victory. It will cut tax revenues by 22 percent. It has already led to announced layoffs in San Diego, Los Angeles and Contra Costa counties, and a statewide hiring freeze.

A CBS poll taken among those who supported Prop. 13 found that a majority believed no cutbacks would be necessary. But when asked what they thought should be cut back, the overwhelming majority—69 percent—took aim at welfare. Parks and recreation

came a distant second, and schools were far behind with 13 percent.

An NBC poll found universal support for Prop. 13 among all social and economic groups in California except for two: college-educated young people and minority group members.

In New Jersey, "New Right" candidate Jeffrey Bell scored a narrow upset over four-term senator Clifford Case. Bell's main issue was taxes. He supports Buffalo Rep. Jack Kemp's plan for a 30 percent across-the-board tax cut.

Case did not take Bell seriously. He only campaigned in New Jersey during the last two weeks, and he didn't use any TV advertising. Bell spent \$500,000 targeting a conservative Republican constituency.

The Democratic nominee will be ex-New York Knicks basketball star Bill Bradley. Bradley would have stood no chance against the liberal Case, who was solidly supported by Democratic voters, but he may be able to dribble past Bell.

—John Judis

The City of Madison takes a stand against apartheid

By Nancy Stedman

MADISON, WISC.

In early May this city became the first city in North America to go on record against private bank loans to the military junta in Chile.

With only one recorded dissenting vote, Madison's Common Council requested the First Wisconsin Bank group to cease making loans to the Chilean government and asked its legislative delegation to sponsor similar resolutions in the state legislature.

The resolution was prompted by the disclosure that the First Wisconsin Bank group is one of 15 private American banks that have loaned Chile money while direct American government aid dried up (ITT, April 26). In June 1976 First Wisconsin extended a loan of \$5 million to the state-owned Chile Central Bank.

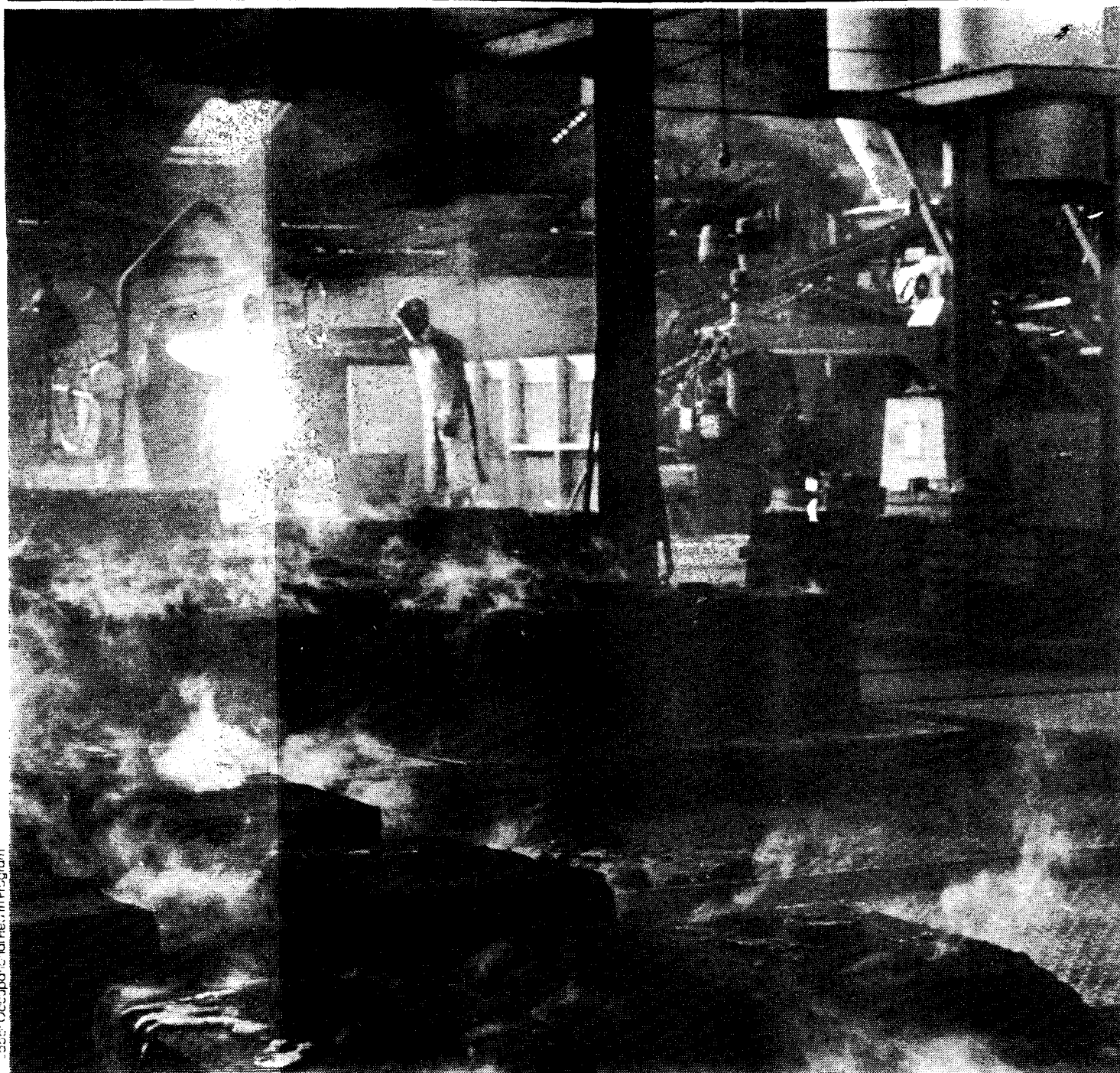
An implied threat in the resolution is the withdrawal of public monies from the bank group. First Wisconsin-Madison is the city's official depository, and the Milwaukee branch is the state's offi-

cial bank. The state's contract with the bank is due to expire in July of 1982, but technically each party can be released at any time with a year's notice.

Jim Rowen, the mayoral assistant who initiated the common council resolution, feels that its importance goes beyond putting government pressure on First Wisconsin. "Even if the bank doesn't change its policy, we will generate publicity," he said. "20,000 to 30,000 people in the city didn't know—and now know—the connection between...public money and private bank loans."

The loan was given towards the purchase of public buses for the city of Santiago. An official spokesperson for the First Wisconsin Bank group, Walter Fiorentini, said he saw no conflict between financing mass transit and the issue of human rights.

"Bizarre" is what Rowen labelled Fiorentini's statement. "If Mussolini wanted to borrow money in 1939 to make the trains run on time, then First Wisconsin wouldn't see any contradiction between the loan and the U.S. human rights position," he charged.



As increasing numbers of workers are coming into contact with carcinogenic materials, organized labor is taking a new interest in the issue and is pushing hard for new environmental standards and safeguards to protect workers.

By Al Goodman

THE YEAR IS 1992 AND A PRESIDENTIAL candidate is running on an unusual platform. Her main issue is not inflation, unemployment or the arms race. Instead, she wants to stop the colossal cancer epidemic that is killing Americans by the hundreds of thousands.

More fantasy? Maybe not.

Some cancer experts say the epidemic is already here—and could become an explosive political issue in the coming years.

Even now, the potential "cancer constituency" is vast: The disease strikes one in every four Americans and kills almost 400,000 annually. Its political threat, however, lies with the growing evidence that up to 90 percent of human cancer is environmentally caused by man and is not, as was formerly thought, the result of a virus that could be isolated and cured.

"If 90 percent is environmentally induced, then 90 percent could be prevented," says Tony Mazzocchi, vice president of the 200,000-member Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers Union (OCAW), and a vigorous fighter to bring cancer to the political forefront.

Nonetheless, cancer still remains a back-burner issue.

Dr. Samuel S. Epstein of the University of Illinois' School of Public Health says the public hasn't yet realized that "the problems of cancer are political and economic, not scientific." Epstein, an authority on cancer resulting from chemical pollution, stresses, "We have plenty of information on the scientific problems. We need to see it reflected in the decision-making."

He also points out that the true costs of cancer have not yet come under public scrutiny. For 1975 alone, the government has calculated the costs of cancer, including medical treatment and loss of man-hours and earnings, at a whopping \$18 billion.

Epstein argues the money needed to regulate cancer would be far less, even with strict guidelines for carcinogens (cancer-causing substances) and adequate prior testing of chemicals before they reach the market.

HEALTH

Epidemic cancer may be the political issue of the '80s

Increasing evidence indicates that 90 percent of cancer is environmentally produced

The problem is compounded, says University of California biochemist Joyce McCann, because carcinogens have been turning up like wildfire in nearly everything in America. "The carcinogen of the week isn't a fiction," says McCann, who is currently researching cancer possibilities from lipstick dyes. "They all add up."

But it's precisely this abundance of carcinogens—in our air, water, workplaces and even in some children's pajamas and decaffeinated coffees—that leads one cancer analyst to think that the overkill may be preventing Americans from getting upset.

"The public may feel that everything causes cancer," says Bob Harris of the Environmental Defense Fund. "Therefore, people take the attitude of 'screw it. I'll live a carefree life.'"

Public attitudes of confusion or helplessness about cancer have been fueled by industry, critics say.

"The information [about cancer] from industry reflects a wide range from incompetence to criminal negligence," says Dr. Epstein.

At least one industry has taken the political potential of cancer seriously and already gone on the offensive. The St. Louis-based chemical conglomerate Monsanto is now sponsoring a \$4-6 million national TV and multi-media ad campaign that, in the words of EDF's Harris, "is trying to convince the public that not

everything causes cancer, and of those chemicals that do, the benefits outweigh the liabilities."

Monsanto spokesman Ken Clark denies the allegation, saying, "the program is a very candid, no B.S. approach, trying to restore a sense of balance in the public mind about chemicals."

Clark says the campaign is a reaction to "chemo-phobia," which he defined as an "irrational fear of everything having to do with chemicals. After all, life is chemical," he says.

The American Cancer Society may be another big reason why there hasn't been much political action against the disease. Since its inception in 1913 it has been a visible crusader against cancer, but mainly from the curing—not preventative—end of it. "Their work may have dissuaded others," says Dr. Irving Selikoff of New York's Mount Sinai Medical Center and a leader in showing the carcinogenic effects of asbestos.

Political action.

But while the Cancer Society concentrates on searching for a cure, others are beginning to look into the politics of cancer. The seeds for a political movement to prevent the environmental causes may be booming into existence.

In their 1973 strike against Shell Oil Company OCAW workers stayed out for six months specifically over work hazards. Although the conflict ended in

a stand-off, according to Mazzocchi, "It was the first time carcinogenic conditions in the workplace were made widely known."

In Washington, a group called the Public Interest Roundtable has been meeting monthly for more than a year to hammer out policies to attack cancer. It includes labor leaders, academicians and environmentalists, and has quietly lobbied for appointees to the National Cancer Institute, Environmental Protection Agency and other pertinent agencies.

The Roundtable may be a preface to a growing coalition on the cancer frontier between environmentalists and unionists. With cancer as the target, the traditional differences between the middle-class dominated environmental groups and the blue-collar unions may be overcome.

Environmentalists and labor have recently united to push for passage of the Occupational Safety and Health Administration's proposed generic standards for carcinogens in the workplace. OSHA currently regulates only 17 carcinogenic chemicals, and those only as the result of lobbying by the OCAW and Ralph Nader's Health Research Group in the early 1970s.

The new OSHA standards would break down carcinogens into four categories and eliminate many problems of the currently used chemical-by-chemical regulation process. Industry opponents have already geared up for the fight, forming the American Industrial Health Association. Mazzocchi estimates the Association has raised some \$30 million for lobbying and media campaigns directed against the new OSHA standards.

Opponents of the OSHA standards received some unexpected help in late May when the President's Council of Economic Advisers and the Council on Wage and Price Stability delayed new OSHA standards for cotton dust in the textile industry. (ITT, June 7.) Charles Schultze, chair of the Council of Economic Advisers, warned that regulations must "not impose unnecessary or uneconomic costs on American industry."

The cotton dust delay has provoked a sharp fight in the administration with Labor Secretary Ray Marshall and OSHA officials on one side and Schultze on the other. The outcome will be interpreted as a test of how serious the Carter administration is going to be ensuring the health and safety of American workers.

Laetrille.

While that fight shapes up, it is interesting that some of the most effective cancer-related politics have come from largely conservative groups seeking to legalize Laetrille. Although generally regarded by the medical profession as a cancer placebo, pro-Laetrille forces such as the Committee for Freedom of Choice in Cancer Therapy—based in Los Altos, Calif., and claiming 500 chapters nationwide—have used intense lobbying to secure legalization for the controversial drug in 15 states, with more expected to follow.

Cancer prevention politicians can hardly claim such impressive legislation records, but they are devising strategies to raise public awareness and funnel a chunk of the millions of government and foundation cancer research dollars into effective cancer prevention. If successful, big changes could lie ahead for numerous products now on the market and in countless workplaces.

Unionist Mazzocchi thinks a "Right to Know" law is imperative. "We're never going to prevent cancer in the neighborhoods unless people know what they're working with."

"I think people will be mobilized over their children," says EDF's Bob Harris, pointing to Tris, the carcinogenic flame retardant in children's pajamas, and to contaminants showing up in breast milk.

One research scientist, however, thinks the politics of cancer may just pop up naturally if the disease continues to spread as figures now indicate it will. "Clearly, if there is a big increase in cancer," he says, "I don't think you'll need to worry about a coalition against it. It will just happen."

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Al Goodman is a free-lance writer in California.

The Longest Walk

By Nolan Hester

AMONG THE NATION'S concrete arteries of highways, one vein flows red. Some 500 Indians from over 80 tribes are walking across the country on I-70 to register their opposition to a packet of bills affecting their lands and rights now in congressional committee.

The Longest Walk, as it is called, began with a sacred ceremony on Alcatraz island near San Francisco on Feb. 11. The walkers plan to reach Washington, D.C., by July 15 for the beginning of an International Treaty Conference. The walkers will later take their case to the United Nations.

In the beginning months, with the mountains still in winter, the group had to contend with freezing rain and snow. With no places to camp in the mountains, walkers had to cover 60 to 80 miles a day. Evening camp was often no more than a sleeping bag in the snow.

Sabre, an Indian artist from the Bay Area, has come the entire distance. "Half my life I lived in the city so I know what it is to be greedy. But I dropped everything to come on this walk," he says. "Lots of my people left their jobs to come on this walk."

As he explains why he joined the walk Sabre uses a camp table as an easel. In the fading light of a warm Indiana evening he draws three strong charcoal portraits of traditionally dressed Indians. "In the mountains we were down to maybe 80 people. You talk about sacrifice... Sacrifice means not complaining when your feet are all messed up, going on one or two meals a day. These people are strong. They give 150 percent."

An international purpose.

Bill Simmons of San Jose, Calif., has another perspective on the walk's purpose. "I look at the walk not just in terms of the treaties, but also the international situation," he says. Because of last fall's UN conference on Indian rights, he says, "the whole world is watching to see what happens on this walk. The government knows about it, but the people don't."

Simmons feels that as people learn about the walk's aims they will give it their support. The education of non-Indians about the Indian way of life is a major part of the walk's purpose. Perhaps the most important message is that the Indians consider themselves a sovereign nation on equal footing with the U.S. government.

"People believe we're wards of the government," Simmons observes. "Technically we're not, but people aren't taught that."

At home Simmons works at the Oakland Survival School, part of the Federation of Native Controlled Survival Schools. Formed partially in response to a 60 percent dropout rate among Indians in public and BIA schools, children spend three hours, two days a week, at the schools learning some of the skills and traditions of their tribal cultures. Adults are aided in passing high school diploma equivalency tests.

"Survival schools were created for children so they know who is lying and who is telling the truth," Bill Thomas says. Stressing the role of the schools in preserving Indian culture, Simmons asks, "How can we send our children to schools in a culture where Easter is supposed to



Photos/Rob Hertz

be the most sacred day and you sell chocolate bunnies instead?"

Before joining the walk Don Juan did graphic work at a survival school in St. Paul, Minn. Part of a contingent of 150 Lakota and Ojibwa called the Run for Survival, he joined the Longest Walk at Lawrence, Kansas. "The walk is no picnic, I'll tell you that," he says. "We're not doing this for medals or anything. This comes straight from the heart." He got involved in the walk because of the students at the school and the American Indian Movement (AIM). "I've been part of AIM all my life really, but active since about '65."

Support for AIM.

AIM played a central role in organizing the walk and loyalty to it is strong among the walkers. Many feel that AIM is the only organization that addresses their needs. Walkers wear AIM buttons on vest and hats along with "Free Peltier" buttons.

Leonard Peltier is currently serving two consecutive life terms in the federal prison at Marion, Ill. The AIM activist was charged with "aiding and abetting" in the deaths of two FBI agents near the Pine Ridge, S.D., reservation in June 1975. Controversy has surrounded his conviction because of sketchy evidence.

Riding school buses, the walkers made a special detour in May to see Peltier. At the prison officials refused to let anyone in to see him, but eventually several spiritual leaders were allowed to hold spiritual ceremonies with Peltier inside the prison walls.

That success was attributed to the group's prayers and non-violent persistence. In fact, walkers are convinced that the success of the entire walk is based on the strength of its non-violent approach. With two-thirds of the journey completed there have been no incidents of trouble. "We walk out of love for our people, not hatred for our enemies," a walker says.

AIM spiritual leader Ernie Peters has been with the walk day to day with others, such as Leonard Crow Dog, joining periodically along the way. One long, hot day soon after the Marion visit Crow Dog ran up and down the two lines of walkers, fanning each one's face with eagle feathers, his face intense with prayer. After a while, he told them, they would all run like a herd of buffalo. When the signal came the group pulled itself together and began stamping down the interstate shoulder.

Spirituality, culture, sovereignty.

At 5:30 in the morning the trees are still cool with the night wind, mist hangs across the slaty surface of the lake near



camp and in the east the sky is just beginning to lighten. But already people are gathering in a silent circle waiting for the sun's first rays.

In the circle's center stand wooden staffs trimmed with colored strips of cloth and eagle feathers. In front of them on the ground are the sacred pipes of the walk and a buffalo skull. Of the pipes carefully placed upon their cloth and leather bags, one is smoked and passed among a cluster of Indians standing by the staffs.

After a while one of the pipebearers speaks his mind. Other mornings it may

be one of the spiritual leaders. Regardless of who it is, these pipe ceremonies are the nexus of the three key aspects of the walk: spirituality, culture and sovereignty.

After breakfast and breaking camp the walkers ride buses back to the interstate to avoid clogging side roads. Lining up for the day, the young braves and spiritual leaders head up the group. The flag of the Longest Walk flaps in the breeze along with those of AIM, the United Tribes of Oklahoma, the Sioux of the South Cheyenne River and others.

Behind the Indians stand six Buddhist

monks who joined the walk in Kansas. Their shaven heads wrapped in soaked towels and their saffron robes bright as spring pollen, they ready their small hand drums for the day. From the time the group moves out until it stops, six or seven hours later, the monks will chant and beat their drums.

Non-Indians, walking to show their support for the Indians' cause, bring up the rear. While the walk is foremost an Indians' effort, these people have been welcomed into the group. Spiritual leaders on the walk always point out how people from all four sacred colors are on the walk. Those non-Indians who have been on the walk the longest help orientate newcomers so that they do not offend the Indians in their ignorance of Indian customs.

Ragamuffin caravan.

Sagging buses follow behind the walkers, carrying water for the hot afternoon hours and providing a rest for the tired and footsore. A caravan of cars and pickups also shakes down the shoulder. Their bumper stickers are in step with the day: "Support the Indian Athlete," "Free Skyhorse and Mohawk," "It's hard to be humble when you're Indian," "Marry an Indian—We need more of them," "AIM doesn't start problems—it exposes them."

The drums begin and the walk descends down the ramp onto the interstate. Moving through Indianapolis' asphalt knot of by-passes, the sound of the drums echoes off apartment complexes nearby. People line up along the right-of-way fence to watch. Some school children whoop like television Indians: the only ones they've likely seen until now. For a while an older black man walks along in silent support, no doubt remembering the marches of another battle. Even though the temperature is in the upper 80s, he wears a grey winter suit and keeps his hat on.

Cars slow down to rubberneck and more than once semi-trucks slam on their brakes to avoid overrunning them. Many drivers offer fists in support and honk their horns. Occasionally someone, almost always a white male, drives by waving his middle finger at the walkers and shouting curses. But such frenzied anger is the exception.

Except for Republican Gov. James Thompson of Illinois who first balked at granting the walk interstate passage, all states have cooperated by providing police escorts to direct traffic. Many of the mayors of towns on the route have given the walk keys to their cities and several states have issued proclamations recognizing the purpose of the walk.

But so far the walk's message has been confined to direct contact with local people and word of mouth. Walk spokesman Bill Thomas maintains that there is a press blackout on the walk.

There is evidence to support his claim. Though walkers camped in downtown St. Louis under the Gateway Arch for three days, the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*, a large and respected daily, ran only one photo with a three-line caption on the day the walk left town. The *Indianapolis Star* had only a brief note on the walk and nothing on its purpose—the group was also there for three days. One report described the two ceremonial tipis brought on the walk as restrooms. Another called the walk's sacred pipe a war pipe.

The beat goes on.

Thoughts wandering across the landscape eventually return to the chant's cadence. Without their rhythm the miles would surely be longer. But this is not a march. Like the Walk itself, the beat is more complex than that, but also really quite simple. The more one tries to fall into pace, the more out of step one becomes. Stop trying and one achieves the unity of the

Continued on page 18.



THE ATTACK ON NATIVE RIGHTS HAS BEGUN

In high school history classes, usually after unfolding the saga of "How the West Was Won," the teacher may make a short addendum. It is explained that even though our ancestors may have given the Indians a raw deal there's not much we can do about it now. But "the Indian question" is not something confined to the past. Presently, there are four major and several lesser bills before the Congress that directly affect the future of all Indians left in this country.

The most far-reaching of these is House Resolution 9054, introduced by Rep. Cunningham (R-WA). Cloaked in language of "providing full citizenship and equality under the law to Native Americans," the bill would annul all remaining treaties between the U.S. and the Indian nations and eliminate all reservations. Land would be allotted to individual tribe members by the percentage of Indian blood.

Similar plans tried in the 1930s severely eroded Indian land holdings. Indians argue that it is precisely this collectively held land base that has enabled them to survive as a distinct culture.

While the Cunningham bill is not expected to pass, it serves to make other bills with many of the same effects seem like reasonable compromises. Each of these would also represent a significant redefinition of Indian rights and sovereignty.

In response to the developing battle over water rights, intensified by the western drought of the last few years, Rep. Lloyd Meeds (D-WA) is sponsoring a bill that would erase all former Indian water rights. Instead, water claims would have to be filed under an intricate set of "permissible uses."

One section would prohibit commer-

cial fishing by Indians, in response to recent court rulings entitling Indians in Washington state to half of that state's annual salmon catch. Commercial fishing is one of the few sources of outside income for Pacific Northwest tribes since their land holdings cannot provide total self-sufficiency. For the same reason, tribes relegated to lands away from major rivers have held onto treaty rights to rivers off reservation land. The Meeds bill would eliminate such off-reservation fishing.

Meeds has also introduced the "Omnibus Indian Jurisdiction Act" (H.R. 9950). Its most criticized section would limit tribal government authority to only its members and only while they are on reservation land. Highway right-of-ways running through reservations would not be considered part of that land. Any case involving a non-Indian, either as victim or aggressor, would be automatically out of tribal jurisdiction.

Indians say that non-Indians involved in crimes on reservations are seldom arrested or quickly freed when tried by non-Indians in towns off the reservation.

The bills have gathered support from some odd bedfellows. Some environmental groups, most notably the National Wildlife Federation, back the bills, reasoning that since non-Indians have been unable to preserve wild areas neither can Indians, and want the lands placed under federal protection. Corporate energy interests are also lined up behind the bill.

According to the Native American Solidarity Committee, it is these interests that are pushing the flurry of anti-Indian legislation. It is not surprising—an astounding 80% of American uranium is on reservations, along with immense coal deposits—a total of 30 percent of all the nation's known energy reserves.

But by far the most controversial bill the walkers hope to focus attention upon is H.R. 6869, the "Criminal Code Reform Act," an attempt to fully codify

all the nation's criminal laws, passed piecemeal over the last 200 years. The specific passages of concern to the Indians address the right to assemble. Mass demonstrations could be effectively halted by provisions against obstructing a government function by physical interference, and "failing to obey a public safety order" if a federal official perceives a gathering as a danger to persons or property.

Obviously the bill's effect would not be limited to only Indians. As one walker put it: "The only power people have is to be able to get together, to assemble. If they take that away and say, 'I'll tell you when you can assemble,' then we've lost our only power."

Indians also object to the inclusion of the Logan Act, an old but seldom used law, that makes it a crime for a U.S. citizen to communicate directly with a foreign government. Last fall Native representatives from this county and the rest of the Western Hemisphere spoke in Geneva, Switzerland, before the Non-governmental Organizations (NGO's) of the United Nations on government oppression against them. Indians fear that if left in the bill this act would be used to keep them from taking their case before the UN.

Put through the Senate in just five days, its sponsors had hoped that the bill would be passed by the House in toto. However, representatives are looking it over line by line.

The House Judiciary Subcommittee has already blown the whistle on the Logan Act and it will most likely be scratched in the final version.

The sifting will keep the bill from reaching the floor this session and that, of course, gives the Longest Walk and its supporters valuable time to get across their message. "The walk is not just for Indians, we're walking for all people," walk spokesman Bill Thomas said. "We're walking for our unborn children so they won't ever have to do this again."

—Nolan Hester

CITIES

Mayor's disinterest spells trouble for Rights Commission

In recent weeks, New York City's mayor, Ed Koch, has come under increasing criticism for failing to carry through his campaign promises "to appoint more blacks in my administration than the combined administrations of Wagner, Lindsay and Beame." As VILLAGE VOICE reporters Wayne Barrett and Andrew W. Cooper wrote on May 29, half of New York's population would feel like tourists at City Hall because of what black and Latin leaders call the betrayal of the essence of Koch's commitments.

Barret and Cooper found that none of Koch's personal staff or the chairmen or heads of commissions was black or Latin and that fewer than 15 percent of other high level appointees were. They concluded that Koch's appointments "form a white line, drawn tightly around a defensive mayor."

Rep. Shirley Chisholm (D-NY), an embarrased Koch supporter in last year's runoff election, admitted: "I get the feeling Ed has written off blacks and that he's saying 'I don't need you. There are just enough blacks in the administration to offset a charge of discrimination and I don't need any more.'"

Harlem Rep. Charles Rangel is quoted by Barrett and Cooper as saying that in the past there was always someone in the system to talk to, but no more. "The blacks Koch has," Rangel says, "can't find their way to Bedford-Stuyvesant. He prefers blacks from the State Department, Cleveland, or the Ford Foundation."

One part of this growing pattern of indifference or hostility to the needs of the majority of New York's working poor has been Koch's treatment of the Human Rights Commission, and of Patria Nieto Ortiz, whom he appointed without consultation with the concerned parties and then quickly fired after she threatened to embarrass his administration.

By Nora Lapin

NEW YORK

IN A CITY NOT KNOWN FOR EITHER the efficiency or social effectiveness of its municipal government, the New York City Human Rights Commission has long been an admirable exception. Under the leadership of the crusading Eleanor Holmes Norton, now head of the Federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, the agency had garnered both an unusually committed staff and a deserved reputation as the country's model anti-discrimination unit.

But the local press has generally paid little attention to the Commission's determined efforts to redress employment and housing discrimination in New York City. And it wasn't until this past April when a brief furor erupted over Nieto's firing that the agency finally rated a few headlines and editorials. The turmoil has now died down and the newspapers have again lost interest. But the full story of Koch's attitude towards the mandated role of the Human Rights Commission as the city's primary enforcer of anti-discrimination law has never been reported.

In fact, Nieto's careless appointment and rapid dismissal as commissioner was only one of the many ways in which City Hall has recently undermined the agency's effectiveness.

Other destructive moves have included refusal to allow the agency to fill federally-funded professional job slots while making inappropriate but political executive appointments, plans to transfer a vital agency program to a less progressive city department and serious consideration

Considering Mayor Koch's disregard for minority rights, it is hardly surprising that his appointment of Patria Nieto Ortiz turned out to be disastrous.

of the merger of the commission with the relatively weak State Division of Human Rights.

Questioned Commission's existence.

During the 1977 mayoral campaign, both Koch and Mario Cuomo questioned whether the Commission should continue to exist or be merged into the State Division of Human Rights, an act tantamount to abolition.

An effective anti-discrimination agency is considered incompatible with the new administration's approach towards big business. Koch's assertive defense of the rights of homosexuals has endowed him with credibility among many civil libertarians, but gay rights in New York are basically a white, middle-class and relatively kosher issue. In fact, Koch remains entrenched in his longtime opposition to affirmative action for minorities and women, a position reflected in his congressional record, continual quarrels with Harlem Rep. Rangel and a heated debate with Norton on the subject at a Human Rights Commission hearing in 1974.

Prominent minority leaders say that when Koch took office, it was painfully apparent that he intended to relegate the Commission to as non-threatening and diffuse a role as possible, ignoring its real enforcement responsibility.

Hilton Clark, an equal opportunity consultant and one of the handful of minority participants in the Commission chair selection process, says that qualified candidates were discouraged from wanting the job by both the still real possibility that the agency would be phased out and the limitations implicit in heading it—if it did continue to exist—in an administration so obviously unsupportive of its primary mandate.

Disastrous appointment.

Considering Koch's disregard for minority rights, it is hardly surprising that City Hall's appointment of Nieto Ortiz as Commissioner turned out to be a disastrous. Although some liberal New York columnists have argued that she was fired for militancy rather than incompetency, it was the circumstances surrounding her selection—in which minority opinion was ignored every step of the way—that spelled her doom.

In fact, Nieto Ortiz was not very militant. While she did sometimes speak strongly about enforcement of anti-discrimination laws, she also took an openly conciliatory approach to business, announcing her intentions to seek financial support from the private sector and resurrecting the old and long discredited concept of "technical assistance" to educate corporations to their equal employment responsibilities—on the assumption that ignorance rather than recalcitrance is at the root of discrimination.

This tendency to be soft on business, along with her lack of civil rights experience—her previous job at the Equitable Life Insurance Company had been in the



New York's mayor, Edward Koch.

Ken Firestone

corporate responsibility and law departments—and the fact that she was not known in the Puerto Rican community led the two minority members present at the selection committee meeting to cast the only votes against her. "Her name came to us from City Hall after we had already recommended a number of better candidates to them," said Clark. "I wonder what happened to those people?"

According to a Puerto Rican community leader, Nieto Ortiz was submitted for approval to the 24 Hispanic members of the administration's search teams only after the Mayor had offered her the job. This procedure violated the understood relationship between City Hall and that group, which expected to pass on Hispanic candidates for high level appointments. Obviously, Koch thought that he had found a winning combination in a female Hispanic lawyer with strong ties to the corporate sector and he was determined to appoint her.

Did not grow into job.

Nieto Ortiz can hardly be faulted for accepting the job, an unprecedented opportunity for a 30-year-old woman with only four years of legal experience. But, unfortunately, she did not grow into it. Instead, during her short six-week tenure, she alienated not only the predictably wary administration, but sympathetic white and minority community leaders, longtime agency commissioners and virtually the entire staff.

In a letter to Koch urging her ouster, the staff explained: "The Commission has spent many years building up a credible record as a professional, competent and sensitive enforcement agency in the field of civil rights, and developing respected and open channels of communication with all the diverse groups that comprise this city. This position is further eroded with each new action taken by Commissioner Nieto Ortiz."

Significantly, although minority leaders have vigorously protested their minimal representation in the administration,

they did not come to Nieto Ortiz's defense when she was ultimately dismissed because of her letters threatening to subpoena city commissioners as well as the Mayor himself to obtain equal employment data.

Since Nieto Ortiz's departure in mid-April City Hall has continued to run the Commission into the ground. Acting chairman Frank Mangino is an Italian-American from Queens, whom an elected official with close ties to the Commission described as a "two-bit politician who can't speak a simple sentence, let alone enforce anti-discrimination law."

Other people with good connections to City Hall but no civil rights experience have been installed in various front-office positions. One, the public information director, was quickly let go when he publicly admitted that campaign work had gotten him his new job.

Meanwhile, the Commission is seriously understaffed because City Hall has not given its approval to the filling of a number of professional positions, even though the salaries would come from federal funds and qualified candidates have already been found for the jobs.

In addition, the Neighborhood Stabilization Program, which has managed to foster a delicate racial balance in crucial communities throughout the city, seems about to be headed out of the Commission to the more conservative Housing Preservation and Development Administration, which is likely to turn it into a "Beautify your neighborhood" operation.

The handwriting seems to be on the wall for the agency and demoralized staff members are polishing up their resumes. "Now that Norton has gone to Washington and Koch has come back to New York," said a knowledgeable official, "no one with any clout at City Hall cares about the existence of the Human Rights Commission."

Nora Lapin is a free-lance writer who lives in New York City. She has worked as a consultant to the New York City Human Rights Commission.

IN THE WORLD

FRANCE



Rape case reveals contempt of women

By Diana Johnstone

PARIS

ON THE NIGHT OF AUG. 21, 1974, two young Belgian women on a camping holiday, biology teacher Anne Tonglet, 24, and child care specialist Aracelli Castellano, 20, pitched their tent at Morgiou creek, in the Marseilles region. At one o'clock in the morning their tent was invaded by three local machos. The women fought back, tried to argue, but finally, exhausted and terrified, submitted to four hours of sexual violence. The next day, they reported the rape to the police and were hospitalized for injuries and shock.

After nearly four years of legal hassles, the three rapists, Serge Petrilli, 26, Albert Mougialis, 26, and Guy Roger, 23, were finally brought to trial at Aix-en-Provence last May 2 and convicted. Petrilli, the instigator of the assault, was sentenced to six years in prison, and the other two men to four years each.

The trial was a victory in the struggle of French feminists to have rape recognized as a serious crime, to be tried in criminal court (court d'assises) rather than before correctional tribunals. But it was an incomplete and bitter victory.

Like other recent successful prosecutions of rape in France, it fell far short of the objective of feminists such as lawyer Gisele Halimi, who represented the two women plaintiffs. They have sought to raise public consciousness of rape as a crime that has been underestimated because of the inferior status of women. Instead, like other such trials, it has served mainly to raise women's consciousness of the contempt and hatred for women that permeates male-dominated society.

Atmosphere of murderous hatred.

Even after recognizing the facts, the three youths continued to plead innocent, displaying an unshakable conviction that they had shown their victims a good time. Anne and Aracelli were lesbians? Then they should be all the more grateful for the attention given them by youths who boasted they were used to conquering better-looking girls. Women say no but they mean yes.

This folk wisdom was shared by local youths who insulted and roughed up Gisele Halimi and her assistants outside the courthouse. At the same time, women from other parts of France demonstrated in support of Anne and Aracelli, in an atmosphere of murderous hatred.

The attitude of the defendants and their supporters made it abundantly clear

that this particular rape, at least, was indeed a social crime. The values of the social milieu to which the rapists belonged pushed them to commit it rather than holding them back. "Piercing" women, whatever the circumstances, is an exploit to boast about in the bars along the Mediterranean. With this in mind, Gisele Halimi argued that "rape is the only crime for which punishment can be a deterrent."

But as in other recent rape cases, the aim of feminists has been not to obtain

protested that the judge "was not willing to let our witnesses raise the level of discussion." Instead, testimony had centered on the issue of "consent," turning the victims into defendants, suspected of encouraging their aggressors—by such subtle wiles as hitting them on the head with a hammer.

Halimi suggested that the only "raped" woman was a dead woman, in the prevailing view, survival being interpreted as a sign of consent. Discussion of rape in

Rape victims and their defenders, targets of "leftist" misogyny, are accused of "repression."

heavy sentences against individual rapists, but rather to use the public trial to condemn rape itself. This strategy is dictated by the context of liberal opinion in France, particularly sensitive to sociological arguments against "repression" by imprisonment of rapists, portrayed as proletarian victims of "sexual poverty." The strategy has been largely frustrated by the courts, which have refused to admit the sociological arguments of the women, instead imposing stiff sentences in the name of abstract law and order and leaving the feminists open to accusations of contributing to reactionary repression.

"Rape is not a crime."

At the Aix trial, lawyer Halimi called a number of well-known women as "moral witnesses" to testify to the social nature of rape: Gaullist deputy Florence d'Harcourt, Trotskyist leader Arlette Laguillier, and Gisele Moreau, Paris deputy and member of the Central Committee of the French Communist party. They were cut short by Judge Marcel Fourgeaud, who ruled that "rape is not on trial here."

A male moral witness, celebrated professor of medicine Alexandre Minkowski, managed to get a few words in: "I myself was in the Resistance and tortured. I can tell you that these young women have recounted their rape in exactly the same terms in which I hold of tortures to which I was subjected. By torture you can get people to do anything. Rape tramples under foot the human personality with the tacit approval of part of society."

True but elementary. The plaintiffs' lawyers were scarcely able to advance beyond trying to show that the women had not enjoyed being beaten up and raped.

In her summary, Gisele Halimi noted with regret that the trial marked a "regression" in the fight against rape. She

general, beyond the specific case, was necessary, she said, because "in popular culture, rape is not a crime."

Indeed, it seems that in many French minds, there is no such thing as rape. Sex is a subject for jokes, and serious talk of rape shows the lack of a sense of humor.

Successes exacerbate misogyny.

French women who have taken the fight against rape to the courts face not only the traditional accusations of having "asked for it," but also of persecuting the disinherited. The defense at Aix-en-Provence accused Anne and Aracelli of "contributing to repression" and of being "intellectuals who are good talkers seeking to send three uneducated proletarian men to prison." This leftist defense has become standard in French rape cases, dividing both the left and women themselves.

The standard argument goes like this: the rapist is himself an exploited victim of society, "looking for love"; no doubt he went about it in the wrong way, and shouldn't have pulled that knife, but locking him up in jail won't solve that broader social problem. This casts guilt on the woman who brings charges, and indirectly on women in general, who by implication contribute to the condition of "sexual poverty" by not being more loving and forthcoming. On the other hand, supposedly "loose" women are blamed for encouraging the advances of their aggressors.

While convictions have been obtained, the courtroom has so far proved an unsuitable forum for influencing that "popular culture" that remains impregnated with the most retrograde sexist prejudices. The French women's movement has suffered from scoring a few highly visible successes at the top—passage of an abortion law,

a few women in the cabinet, a few convictions for rape—that, without broad consciousness-raising at the bottom, have only exacerbated the prevailing misogyny. The Italian women's movement, encountering far more serious obstacles, has succeeded in building a formidable women's solidarity and deeply influenced the consciousness of much of society. Nothing comparable is to be found in France.

Enamoured with Freud.

The growth of the French women's movement has been blocked on the left by the argument that feminism is "bourgeois" and "divides the working class." In what might be called the "counter-cultural" left around the newspaper *Liberation*, it has run afoul of a modish "sexual liberation" whose triumphalism about unfettered sexual encounters is a far cry from the disenchanting reappraisals that accompany feminist awakening. The post-'68 intelligentsia has suddenly become enamoured with Freudianism, to the dismay of Americans who fondly imagined that the French knew better. Relations between the sexes are clearly much worse than they seemed underneath all that *politesse* and *coquetterie*.

If the French women's movement had developed around work issues such as equal pay and job opportunities, it might have made more headway in the left. Centered more on sexual or personal issues, relatively small and divided, the movement has touched off a violent defensive reaction among males which women still seem too divided, too unsure of themselves, and too *unconscious* to combat. But the misogyny that bursts forth is an eye-opener.

When it comes to revealing misogyny, the campaign against rape has so far been very productive. Women like Anne and Aracelli (who incidentally is not a "bourgeois intellectual" but the daughter of a Spanish immigrant worker and a housemaid) who go through the ordeal of taking their aggressors to court can hardly believe in the good faith of the accusations of "repression" hurled at them.

It is true that a part of the libertarian left has long crusaded against prison as repression, but never have their arguments been echoed so widely as when the "repression" was sought by raped women. The anti-rape militants find their cause being drowned in another, which is no doubt partly sincere and partly yet another instance of the way in which male power succeeds repeatedly in relegating oppression of the "second sex" to the status of a "secondary" issue. ■

U.S./SOUTH AFRICA

House limits loans for South Africa to buy U.S. goods

By George Wright

WASHINGTON, D. C.

ON JUNE 2, WHILE CONSIDERING the Export-Import Bank authorization bill, the House of Representatives had the opportunity to end all Eximbank financing for South Africa. But instead, the members of the House voted to accept a compromise amendment that only slaps South Africa's wrists.

The politics involved reflect the tension between the demands of the growing anti-apartheid movement in the U.S., and the Carter administration's reluctance to implement any corporate sanctions against South Africa. The compromise came about largely because "enlightened" corporate interests recognize that some pressure must be put on South Africa to avoid an eventual armed struggle that would be bad for business.

Loans to South Africa.

The U.S. Export-Import Bank is a little known agency of the federal government. The bank encourages exports by borrowing money from the U.S. Treasury, and at a profit, provides finance for transactions with foreign purchasers. It often assumes risks that commercial banks are not willing to assume.

Between 1971 and 1976 Eximbank involvement with South Africa increased from \$43 million to \$204.5 million. This was in spite of the fact that direct loans were prohibited for South Africa by an Executive Order in 1964.

Most of this financing was for capital goods that went to strategic industries such as iron and steel, coal mining and energy. Nearly a quarter went to government-owned corporations.

After the death of Steve Biko and the October crackdown, in which the Vorster government banned 18 moderate civil rights groups and 50 individuals, a number of Congressional liberals began to express their concern about U.S. complicity in South Africa.

In April, Rep. Paul Tsongas (D-MA) introduced to the House Banking Subcommittee on International Trade, Investment and Monetary Policy an amendment to the Eximbank authorization bill calling for an end to Eximbank financing for South Africa.

In a surprising vote the subcommittee accepted the amendment 10-5. Even chairman Stephen Neal (D-NC) reluctantly supported the amendment. Neal, who felt initially that the Congress should not formulate foreign policy, claimed that he voted for the amendment because he was convinced that the Eximbank does not play a neutral role in South Africa.

The subcommittee was also sensitive to the polarized conditions in South Africa. Besides those concerned about the horrors of apartheid, most feared the potential for Soviet involvement in South Africa if war broke out.

All the members of the subcommittee were aware that the Carter administration, in spite of verbal condemnations of apartheid, had not taken any concrete action against South Africa.

Eleventh hour amendment.

In early May, the House Banking Committee, chaired by Henry Reuss (D-WI), defeated a motion to strike the Tsongas language 28-16.

Several other crippling amendments were defeated handily, including an amendment from Rep. Richard Kelly (R-FL) to include all Communist countries in the Tsongas language. This was defeated 38-6.

A little known U.S. agency has been funding South African goods purchase.



A handful of lobbyists, supported by grassroots constituency work, walked the marble corridors of congressional office buildings to maintain momentum. Yet, in mid-May National Security Advisor Zbigniew Brzezinski's overblown and misleading statements about the Cuban and Soviet presence in Africa changed the political climate in Washington.

On June 1, the House began to consider the Eximbank authorization bill. Kelly immediately introduced his amendment to add Communist countries. The proponents of the Tsongas language did not take the Kelly amendment seriously. But the amendment came close to winning 157-190; indicating that the Tsongas language was in jeopardy.

This set the stage for an "Eleventh Hour" amendment by Rep. Thomas Evans (R-DE). Evans, who represents a state dominated by the Dupont multinational, felt that the Tsongas language was too strong. But owing to the increased instability of South Africa a signal had to be sent to Prime Minister Vorster to begin to dismantle apartheid.

The Evans amendment does not completely cut off Eximbank financing to South Africa. It simply adopts the position of Chase Manhattan and Citicorp Banks of not providing funds to the South African government. It also permits financing to corporations that endorse and proceed to implement fair employment guidelines, as established in the Sullivan Code.

The Democratic leadership, including Neal and Reuss, whose support in committee had been crucial to passage, eagerly embraced the Evans amendment, and



Top: Rep. Thomas Evans (R-DE) thought the original anti-apartheid amendment too strong. Left: Steve Biko's son is held by Biko's wife and mother at his funeral. Biko's death prompted Congressional concern.

it was accepted with a voice vote.

The Senate will address this issue in July. And it will go to conference later. Although Evans promised Tsongas on the House floor that he would not compromise in conference, there is a chance that the amendment will be watered down there.

During the debate, Parren Mitchell (D-MD), the chairman of the Congressional Black Caucus who did not vote for the Evans amendment, posed the question, "Can one take a mid position against evil? Could one take a mid position against Hitler? Could one take a mid position against the enormous evils that this world has seen? This member cannot."

George Wright is on leave from the political science department, California State University, Chico, and is working at the Washington Office on Africa.

SPAIN

Socialist party victorious in two regional elections

By Kenrick G. Kissell

SPANISH SOCIALISTS MADE major gains in the special elections for the Senate held in the provinces of Asturias and Alicante on May 17. While the two seats won by the Socialists will not shift governmental power to their *Partido Socialista Obrero Espanol*, the two regional elections drew nationwide attention from the media and from the leaders of Spain's political parties as an unofficial referendum on the popularity of the government of Prime Minister Adolfo Suarez.

And the results were anything but reassuring to Suarez and his *Union del Centro Democratico*. Not only were the *ucdista* candidates beaten by the left in both districts, but the Francoist *Alianza Popular* managed to pick up the votes of a large number of disaffected rightists. The AP netted over half the vote cast for the governing UCD in Asturias and one-third of the UCD's vote in Alicante. Thus, Suarez faces challenges from both the left and the right.

In Asturias, the historic site of working class insurgency, the Socialist Fernando Moran won with 34.6 percent of the vote cast in the four-way race. Moran, an expert in community affairs, identified the region's major problem as the transi-

tion from an antiquated economy based on fishing and agriculture to one based on modern industry.

In Alicante, Alberto Perez Ferre of the PSOE outdistanced the government's candidate by over 12,000 votes. Perez, who ran on a platform that stressed education, health care, agriculture and unemployment, said on election night, "One person alone can accomplish nothing. Thus, I am going to immediately join the Socialist group in the Senate with the intention, the goal, and the hope of working with my comrades in the struggle for the transformation of the social and political structure of Alicante and of Spain."

May 17 was a bad day all around for the Suarez administration; on the same date the Madrid daily *Informaciones* published on its front page the results of a Gallup poll taken throughout Spain. Asked which party they intended to vote for in the next election to the *Cortes*, 40 percent replied that they would vote Socialist, 26 percent for the governing UCD, 11.1 percent for the Communists, and 4.8 percent for the Francoists. If those figures hold, the combined strength of the left (Socialists and Communists) should almost double that of Suarez' UCD, prompting Socialist leader Tierno Galvan to remark that the events of May 17 "could be the first knocks on the doors of power."

GREAT BRITAIN

British justice flips wig over Colonel B

By Mervyn Jones

LONDON

A CURIOUS ASPECT OF LIFE IN Britain is the official obsession with secrecy, considerably more restrictive than in most other democratic countries. We have a blunderbuss piece of legislation, the Official Secrets Act, that was passed at a moment of hysteria in World War I and that makes it an offense to reveal or to receive any information that any civil servant designates as secret.

During the civil war in Nigeria in 1966-68, a British journalist published official memoranda which cast interesting light on the government's policy toward the conflict, and notably on its indifference to famine in the rebel zone. The information was politically significant but had no security angle. The journalist was charged under the Act; since he was a well-connected Conservative working for a major paper (he is now a Tory MP) there was a tremendous row. The government set up a committee that recommended drastic modification of the Act to limit it to real security disclosures.

The government has accepted this recommendation, and has even made favorable noises about introducing a Freedom of Information Act akin to that of the U.S. But nothing has happened and nothing looks like happening. Nor has there been any change in the sensitivity in high places toward unwelcome revelations.

This month, several newspapers published figures of the numbers of senior Army and Navy officers who are opting for early retirement because they're dissatisfied with their pay. A matter of public interest, one would think—and a matter on which any competent Russian spy could easily inform himself by consulting Army lists. Actually, the figures had been leaked by top brass to exert pressure for pay increases. Defense Secretary Fred Mulley hit the ceiling and issued an unprecedented public rebuke to the generals. He was much more indignant, it may be noted, than he was about the statement by the Chief of the Joint Staff, Sir Neil Cameron, that "Britain and China face a common enemy"—though that was a genuine case of a serving officer making the kind of policy pronouncement that should be reserved to Ministers.

Awkward revelations.

All this brings us to SIGINT. SIGINT is a system of electronic surveillance designed to intercept foreign (we won't say "enemy," but let's say Russian) military communications. Every advanced nation, it's safe to assume, has a SIGINT. What may reasonably concern the British public is that our SIGINT, endowed with highly complex equipment, costs a great deal of money.

The subject interested the *Leveller*, a small-circulation radical monthly founded two years ago and specializing in stories that the big press regards as too hot to handle. It has printed awkward revelations about Army and police tactics in Northern Ireland, and it championed Philip Agee and Mark Hosenball, the American journalists (one a former CIA man), who were deported from Britain last year without being allowed to know the charges against them. The *Leveller* clearly isn't the most popular paper in official quarters.

Two *Leveller* contributors, Duncan Campbell and Crispin Aubrey, got into touch with John Berry, a former Army corporal who had worked in SIGINT. The paper then published an account of what SIGINT was doing and, to a certain extent, how. While the three men were meeting—in the congenial but far from secret ambience of a London pub—police swooped and arrested them.

They were charged under precisely the section of the Official Secrets Act that the government is, on paper, pledged to repeal. MPs interested in the issue had been

given to understand that it would not be used again. There are, moreover, several disturbing features about the prosecution.

It was launched without the permission of the Attorney-General, normally considered to be necessary; the police, in fact, forced his hand. The men were held in custody and it took a two-month legal battle before they were given bail. Normally, only suspected foreign spies would be held without bail and in this case there is no allegation of espionage. Their passports are still confiscated and they are under orders to report twice weekly (for a long period it was daily) to the police.

Colonel "B".

Then, although the charges were made in February 1977, the defendants have not yet been brought to trial. All that has happened—after a delay of nine months—is a preliminary hearing in a magistrate's court, designed to establish a *prima facie* case. At that hearing, an officer in the Royal Corps of Signals, with a SIGINT job, gave evidence to show that the offense was allegedly serious.

This officer was allowed to write down his name—a facility generally granted to rape victims, blackmail victims, and witnesses of that kind—and was referred to as Colonel B. The indefatigable staff of the *Leveller* searched through back numbers of the *Wire*, the Corps of Signals' house journal, and found that Colonel B had to be Colonel Johnstone. It published the name. Secrecy about names is one of the oddest aspects of the British obsession. For instance, we are never told the name of the man who is the British equivalent of CIA director Stansfield Turner.

The *Leveller* and the pacifist weekly *Peace News*, which followed suit, were then charged with contempt of court. (The last similar case had occurred when a paper published the names of Miss X and Miss Y, call-girls who were witnesses in a case of organized prostitution.) Protests were made in Parliament. Four MPs, making use of parliamentary privilege, pronounced the name of Colonel Johnstone.

At this point the affair takes on elements of farce. As a recent innovation, Parliament is now broadcast live on radio (though not television). At least a million people, therefore, heard the forbidden name. By now, Johnstone buttons are a fashion with the defiant young. Every-

body who cares at all knows that B is Johnstone.

The Director of Public Prosecutions warned that the four MPs were also liable to contempt proceedings. Despite the long tradition of parliamentary privilege, the Speaker of the House of Commons upheld the ruling. The newspapers are also held to be liable. Editors are angry, for a faithful report of words in Parliament is a right gained, after a fierce contest, back in the 18th century. The DPP, however, isn't quite so crazy as to launch actual charges against either the MPs or the papers.

Papers fined.

Meanwhile, the National Union of Journalists was holding its annual conference. Delegates and union leaders were united in denouncing this threat to freedom of the press. In dealing with the issue, the union's weekly paper, the *Journalist*, also printed the name of Johnstone. Contempt charges were brought against the *Journalist* as well as the *Leveller* and *Peace News*.

Editors of the three papers appeared before Lord Widgery, the Lord Chief Jus-

tice. He ruled that publication had been made "with the deliberate intention of frustrating the arrangement which the court had made to preserve Colonel B's anonymity." The court, he added, might have imposed a severer restriction on publicity by hearing the case *in camera* (in private). Actually, only espionage cases are heard *in camera*.

He then fined the *Leveller* 500 pounds, *Peace News* the same, and the *Journalist* 200 pounds. (One pound equals \$1.90.) The *Leveller's* editor declared afterwards: "Our case is exactly parallel with Orlov's in Russia." This surely is pitching it rather strong; Orlov is going to a labor camp for seven years, no jail sentences were imposed (though they were possible) on the British editors, and Widgery even refrained from charging them with costs because, he said, he didn't want to put these small papers out of business.

Nevertheless, the affair highlights the limitations of British freedom. And the case against Campbell, Aubrey and Berry under the Official Secrets Act is yet to come.

Peled

Continued from page 2.

ity Council Resolution] 242 they would not be invited and nobody suggested that they should be invited without making this kind of statement. However, they were invited to Cairo without need for any prerequisite statement. They could just come.

Now the PLO says, what was the point since Israel would not have gone? My answer is, what do you care? You could have gone and proved your good intentions and if Israel didn't go it's Israel's problem.

I think the PLO are clever enough to realize this and when they rejected the invitation extended by Sadat they made a political blunder. And when they committed the raid on the bus they committed worse than a political blunder—they created an obstacle which will take a long time to overcome.

We often hear the argument that a Palestinian state would be used as a staging

ground for further attacks against Israel and that the creation of such a state, regardless of what treaties may be established, would always present a grave threat to the security of Israel. How do you see this argument?

The likelihood of a Palestinian state seeking to violate a peace treaty with Israel is very remote and I know that the various planners of the PLO do not think in terms of spending much on developing military capabilities. In any case, they would be inferior to those of Israel and a Palestinian state would be the most vulnerable Arab state should an excuse be given for Israel to act against them.

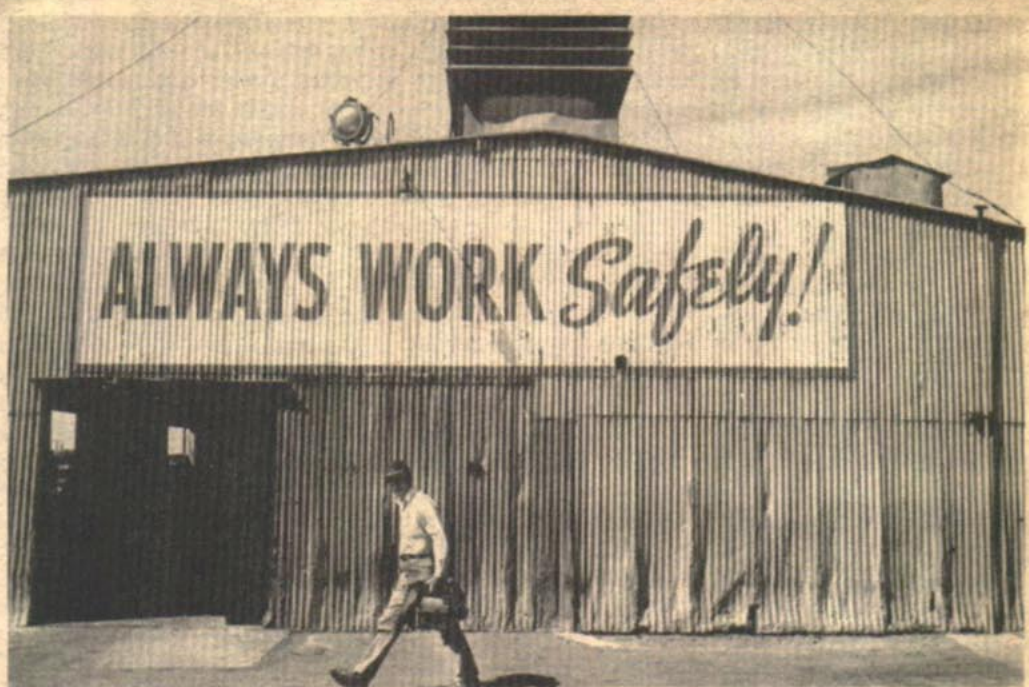
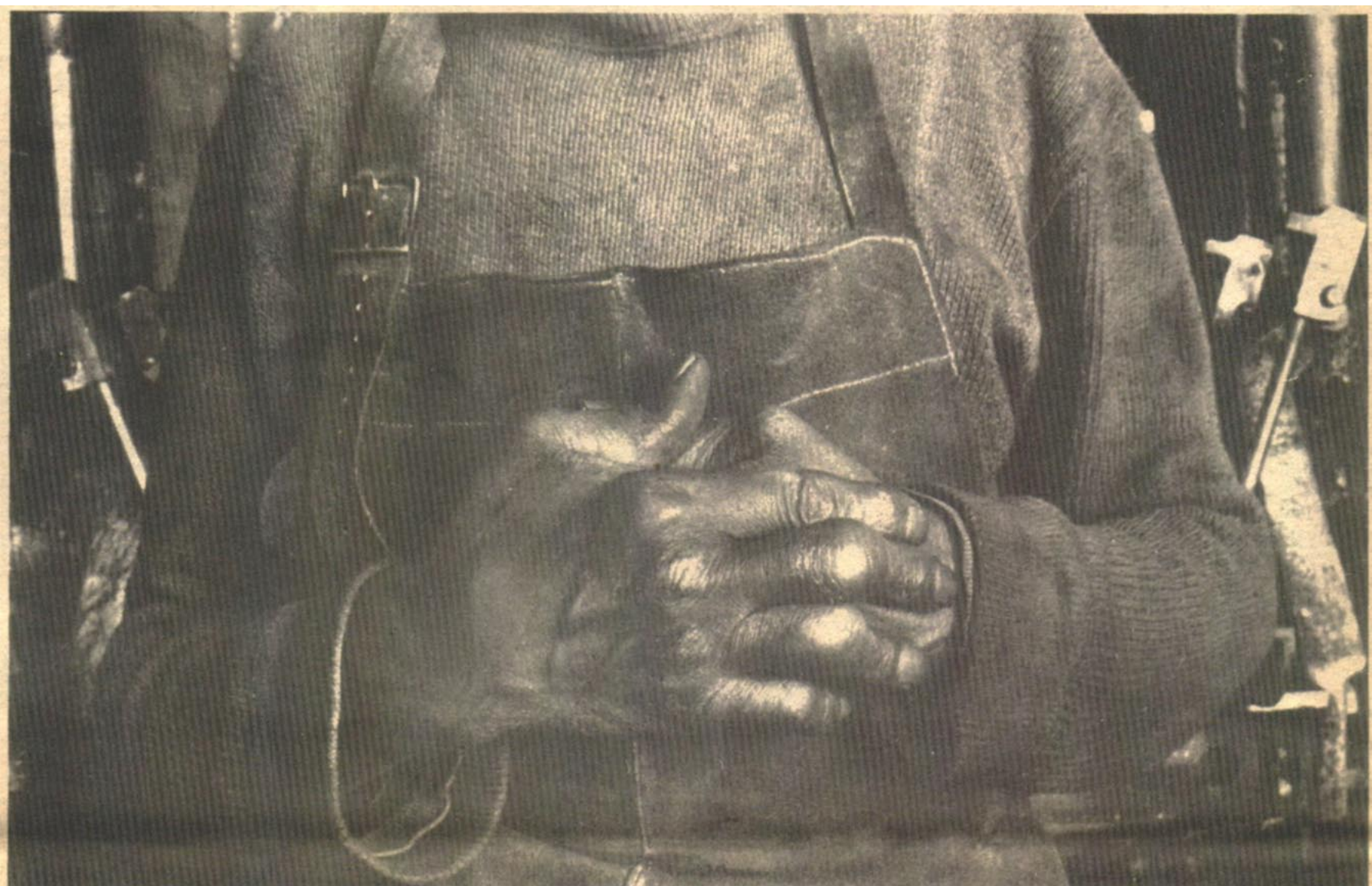
A small state, very short on resources, beset by tremendous problems, why go into adventures that may in a very short time deprive them of something they have fought for so long. But if sometime in the future such were the case, an effective military force cannot be produced overnight. From the time the first tanks or airplanes are ordered you know something is brewing, and so Israel cannot be taken by surprise. With a sufficient degree of alertness combined with some kind of mutual undertakings in regard to inspections, I don't think Israel runs any risk by allowing a Palestinian state to live alongside it.

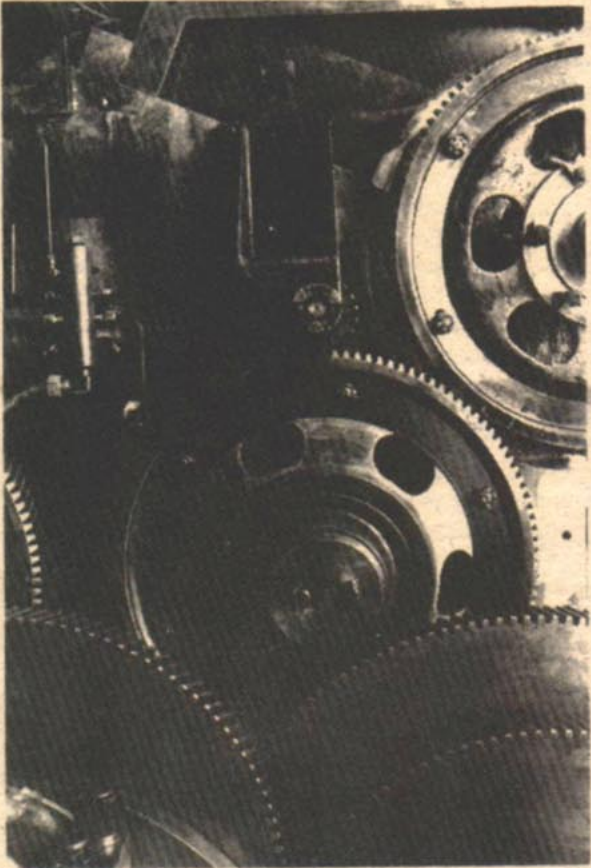
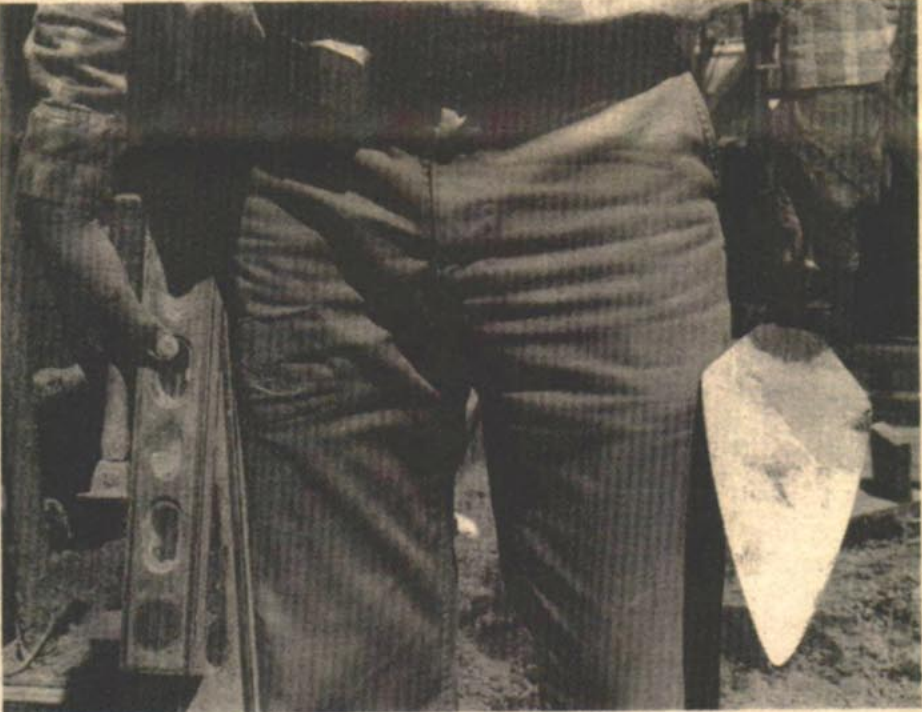
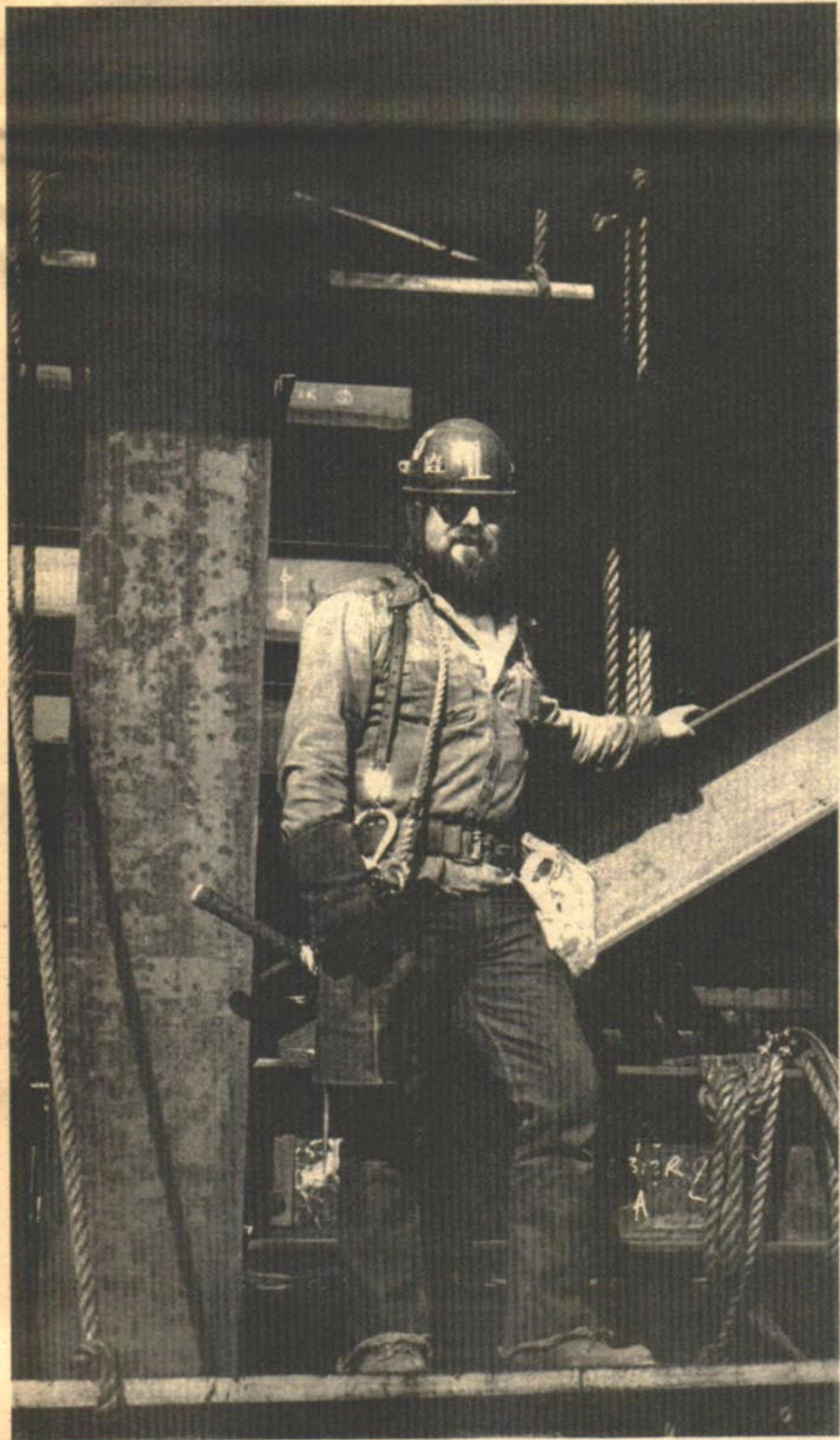


ALL HAIL BRITANNIA!

Images of Labor

Ken Light's photographs are studies in strength, pride and dignity—all part of the heritage of the American worker. But timeless, too, are unsafe working conditions, the grimmer side of a worker's legacy. Ken Light works in the Labor Occupational Health Program at the University of California, Berkeley. His photos have appeared in numerous publications and books. An exhibit of his photographs, *Images of Work*, will be shown at the San Jose, Calif., Museum of Art, July 1-30.





IN THESE TIMES

Editorial

'Dr. Castro, I presume...!'

After an interlude of quiet, the cold war drumbeats are once again sounding from the executive recesses of Darkest Washington. Though few outside the inner sanctum are certain of their exact meaning, they sound much the same as those heard prior to American intervention in Indo-China: Soviet (or was it Chinese?) aggression must be stopped to save some portion of the world from communist imperialism.

In the old cold war days, anti-Soviet (and anti-Chinese) hysteria was directed not only at the two big communist powers *per se* but, equally as important, it served to mobilize western opinion against socialism at home and revolution in the "third world." In the latter sense, the Cold War has never ended and Carter is seeing to it that the beat goes on.

As with the Vietnam intervention, so with the latest uproar over Zaire, the administration is portraying what is essentially a civil war as primarily a matter of foreign aggression by communists. As then, so now, the U.S. is backing a corrupt and despotic regime against a revolutionary movement. As then, so now, American intervention is beginning with logistical support, supplies, advisers, and covert operations.

In the present campaign the Soviet Union and Cuba are serving as surrogates for three other real enemies of the Carter administration: western disunity, black revolutionary movements in central and southern Africa, and the Congress of the United States.

The administration is joining the former colonial powers, Britain, France, West Germany, and Belgium, in an old-fashioned concert of powers designed to avert old imperial rivalries (e.g., France against Belgium), secure Zaire's mineral wealth to multinational corporate exploitation, and establish a central African base for containing black revolution against white domination in southern Africa.

At this writing, the intra-western rivalries have prevented a definitive agreement among the five governments. But their Paris meeting and the upcoming Brussels bankers' meeting are aimed at imposing an old-style colonial regime in Zaire with Mobutu as titular head. Western government advisers and bankers would control Zaire's government, finances, and armed forces in what one candid western official at Paris called a shadow government. Except, Mobutu would be the shadow (a shade of Yuan shih-kai?). There is talk, also, of moving from that base into "hot pursuit" of Shaba revolutionaries across the Angolan border, to destabilize or overthrow the Angolan government, or at the very least to divert Cuban forces now aiding Zimbabwe revolutionaries.

As for Congress, the administration is using the present campaign to stampede it into restoring the Imperial Presidency's free hand in foreign affairs and rescinding congressional controls on foreign policy-making put in place since 1973.

This is not to say that the Carter administration is not genuinely concerned about Soviet and Cuban influence in Africa. But the U.S. government cannot credibly assert its right, and that of its allies, to intervene in other countries' affairs, and deny it to the Soviet Union and its allies. Indeed, the Soviet Union and Cuba have been good students of their American teacher.

More to the point, for whatever reasons, the Soviets and the Cubans are on the side of movements that have the sympathy and support of most sub-Saharan

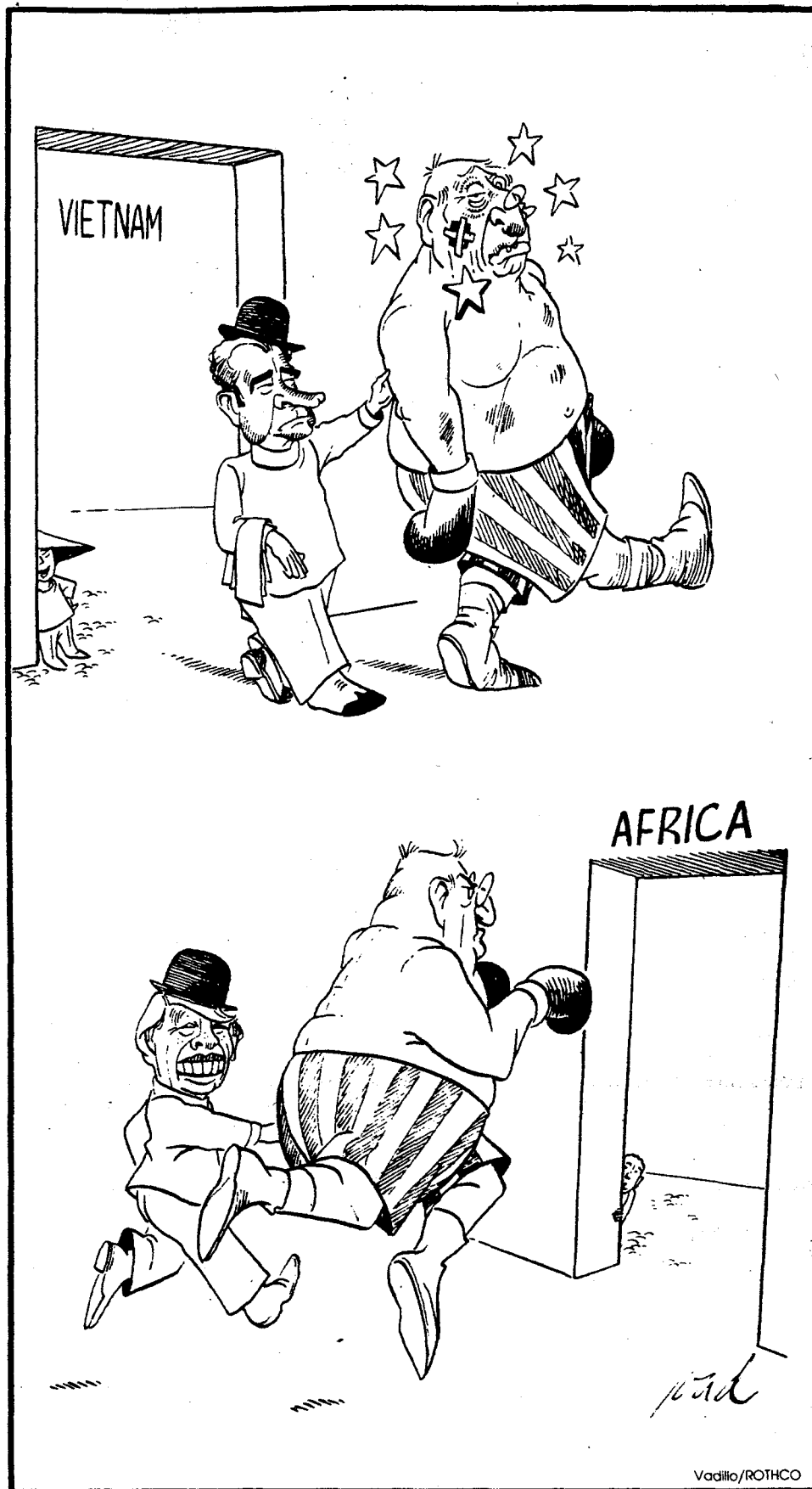
African governments and the preponderance of African public opinion. The same cannot be said for the U.S. and its allies. In contradiction of Carter's claims, Tanzanian President Julius Nyerere, whom Carter praises for his independence and sincerity, now says that Africans welcome Soviet and Cuban aid against white domination and colonialism, but resent the present role of the U.S. and its allies.

The U.S. can have detente, or cooperation, with the Soviet Union in Africa by supporting the same movements the Soviets are supporting and giving them the leverage to deal with both the U.S. and the Soviets and remain non-aligned. Why not?

Carter is not entertaining such an option. Instead he is opting for the cold war drumbeat. He is taking the path of another Vietnam which, now that the Soviet Union's global power is much greater than in 1965-70, could lead to a confrontation that would be disastrous to Africans and could escalate into a nuclear world war.

Over a hundred years ago, *New York Herald* editor James Gordon Bennett sent journalist Henry M. Stanley to find the English missionary David Livingstone somewhere in the Congo (Zaire). His "Dr. Livingstone, I presume...?" is still famous. Carter's and Brzezinski's "Dr. Castro, I presume...!" may become just as famous, but more in the way "Remember the Maine" or Johnson's Gulf of Tonkin dispatch is now famous as a pretext for interventionist actions rather than as a statement of a real find. It cannot be other than suspicious that Carter refuses to make public, or share with the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, the alleged evidence of Cuban or Soviet involvement in the Shaba fighting.

The latest Carter-Brzezinski gambit only reaffirms the need for Congress to retain and strengthen its check upon the Executive in foreign policy matters, and for the people to say "No" when their leaders beat the drums of more cold war. ■



In the wake of Jarvis-Gann

The almost two-to-one approval by California voters of the Jarvis-Gann initiative, which cuts property taxes and requires two-thirds majority votes for new state or local taxes, is part of a national trend. In Ohio, voters rejected new taxes for public education. In New Jersey, Jeffrey Bell, promising to fight for a 30 percent cut in the federal income tax (see Inside Story, Apr. 19), defeated Sen. Clifford Case for the Republican senatorial nomination. In most other states moves are underway, with large popular support, to cut taxes and limit government spending.

We think people on the left—those, including liberals, who put human rights before property rights and favor an equalitarian and democratic society—need to draw some urgent conclusions from the voter trend. We suggest the following for starters.

It is no longer enough to work for tax-funded social programs without basic changes in the property and class system. Without such changes, the programs are funded through what become in effect regressive taxation and inflationary prices. These in turn, by dividing middle income working people against themselves and against those of lower income, drive them into the arms of the right.

This is another way of saying that the era of Corporate-Liberalism based on

"welfare" through economic expansion instead of the redistribution of wealth and power is coming to an end. The millions of Americans who participate in electoral politics, at any rate, are seeing to its end. We on the left, who have long been predicting and hoping for just that, need to recognize the genuine article now that it is under our noses and absorb the implications. Not the least of these is a growing political polarization that will skew massively to the right in the absence of a credible alternative on the left.

We will have to recognize that we can not serve the cause of an equalitarian and democratic society if we remain a weak or inconsequential electoral force. We cannot deal with the issues pivotal to the polarization process—issues of taxes, prices, employment and social services—simply in workplace or community organizations divorced from the electoral arena. And we cannot become a determining electoral force without a program that both wins a sizeable portion of current voters and brings millions of poor people into electoral politics as new participants and voters.

But a credible alternative depends upon the left's championing tax reduction for the middle and lower income majority through graduated real estate and income taxes falling heavily on corporate wealth,

and at the same time an expansion and improvement of social services, reasonable prices, and a full employment economy.

Since such taxes would inevitably bring capital flight and a depressed economy, their advocacy cannot be credible without simultaneously building popular support for a social investment system that will replace the corporate rich as the dominant authority in the determination of employment, and free the people to provide themselves with the jobs and social services they want and need.

In short, an effective left will have to be a credible electoral force, and a credible left will have to be explicitly socialist—whatever the label preferred. Nothing short of that is "practical" any longer, except the continued rightward drift toward an America of growing inequality, injustice, and authoritarian repression.

To those on the left of "the-worse-the-better" persuasion, we say that in modern times in the western world "the worse" has never led to "the better" but has proved a very long-cut extending far beyond the foreseeable future.

To those on the right basking in their present successes, we say thanks for the message—we needed it. Jarvis-Gann may prove the occasion of a wake on the left even as it draws a corporate-liberal dirge. ■

Letters

Beans, rice, news...and thou

PLEASE RENEW MY SUBSCRIPTION to your fine commie rag. These last few weeks have been trying ones. Weekly I travel miles of bone rattling dirt road to procure another seven-day supply of beans, rice and news—the three essentials to living successfully in rural poverty. Since the termination of my sub I have been trying to supplement my diet with daily doses of *San Francisco Chronicle*. The results have been devastating.

Typical of most metropolitan dailies the *Chron* is riddled with uninteresting human "interest" vignettes and an overall absence of news. Most of the paper's weight is comprised of headlines, advertisements and photographs. Only the classifieds provide any sustained reading material. Still, with all its faults, one *Chron* led to another and before I knew it I was a junk news junkie making three trips a week and still not getting enough.

My life ran the course of neglect and ruin. Birds ate the strawberries, bobcats offed the chickens and my truck cried out for a new set of shocks. With Herb Caen runnin' all around my brain I was in no condition to even notice, much less deal with, all the deterioration around me.

Then came your reminder. Relief was as near as a bogus check and a 15¢ stamp. Though I'm a Nixon man and don't think much of your editorials, and even less of your readers, I'd like to get another 12-month prescription. So

Come on Ellen

Send it quick.

This ol' Herb Caen done made me sick.

Yours forever: addicted,

—Craig Reynolds
Miranda, Calif.

I do, I do, dammit

ABOUT THE ENCLOSED CHECK: why can't I think of a meaningless, perhaps unconscionable expenditure for the receipts of my frivolous labor (I edit commercial arts trade magazines) in Gotham? Why can't I content myself with the pap, sales-pitches, and distortions of the monopolized media? Why can't I clude the burden of careful reading necessitated by your incisive, well-written, thus provocative analyses of the ills and antidotes entwined with us in today's corporate states?

Is it because you know that I need to subscribe to you? Even so, by putting me on your subscription list this instant, you're going to document discontent with excruciating accuracy every week! You can't help but keep me on the keen edge of indignation at the machinations of the multitude of misanthropes gun-running our economy and swamping our sensibilities and our children with the sophistry of greed.

You think I really want to know fact-for-fact how it's done, who's doing it, and how in the name of humanity it can be remedied?!

Yes! Yes, I do, dammit, and you're the best seers I've read in years of seeking help to confront mammon with mind. In these times none but the brave are aggrieved, but not without recourse.

—Kurt C. Wilner
New York, N.Y.

Democratic cloak

AS A MEMBER OF THE SOCIAList Labor Party I would like to voice my disagreement with your evaluation of Zolton Ferency's candidacy for governor in Michigan (*ITT*, May 31) which I feel is sadly utopian.

Socialism is a movement. Ferency is only one man. Socialism cannot be built on the tails of one man, no matter how

many votes he may get and regardless of whether or not he even wins. Where is his organization? Where is his power base? Many a populist has risen against control by big business and been elected only to vanish in the evening mist. Alende had an organization behind him and still failed. What can we expect of just one man?

There is no shortcut to building our own organization. We are not going to build socialism by snaking Democratic voters. I'm sure the Democratic Party leadership has no intention to be snaked out of existence. Furthermore, the idea that the "people" are in the Democratic Party is sheer myth. Nearly half the electorate doesn't even vote.

The people are where they work and live, not in the state houses or the halls of Congress or the White House. *ITT* and similar-thinking socialists would do better to expend their efforts at building a socialist movement which stands on its own feet than to waste their time trying to make the Democratic Party less bad. If you really believe "that the American people are tired of being patronized and will respond to an appeal to their intelligence, maturity and good sense," why hide behind the cloak of the Democratic Party?

—Christopher Farrand
Ithaca, N.Y.

Bank loans to South Africa

AS A PART OF THE NATIONAL campaign to end banks loans to South Africa, activists here in New York City are continuing to organize for two days of demonstrations and rallies in mid-June. The focus of these efforts is the second anniversary of the Soweto uprising, Friday, June 16, which has been termed an International Day of Action Against Apartheid by the UN and a host of organizations and individuals around the world. The Committee to Oppose Bank Loans to South Africa (COBSA) is co-ordinating the activists which will include anti-bank loan demonstrations on that Friday and rallies on Saturday, June 17, in the two major NY black communities of Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant.

There are three major demonstrations planned for June 16th at noon: one, at the Manufacturers Hanover Trust HQ on Wall Street, one at the MHT branch office on 125th St. and 8th Ave. in Harlem, and one at the MHT branch office on Fulton St. and Bedford Ave. in Bed-Stuy. In addition, smaller pickets and demonstrations are being organized for other branches around the city.

On Saturday, June 17th, both Harlem and Bed-Stuy will be hosting rallies protesting American support for South Africa and emphasizing the ties between the struggles of black people in South Africa and the U.S. While planning continues for each of these efforts, they will likely consist of cultural-political presentations (songs, dance, theatre, films, etc.) and speeches by South Africans representing the people and liberation movements as well as black community speakers. For more information about events or to volunteer services, phone (212) 838-5030.

—COBSA
New York, N.Y.

Age d'or?

BILL RUSHTON'S GUSHING praise for New Orleans' "Golden Age" for "black" Creoles (*ITT*, May 31) combines racist assumptions and historical distortion.

The "Golden Age" of New Orleans and Louisiana during the 18th and 19th centuries can be described as such for the "gens de couleurs libre" (mulattoes, quadroons, etc.) but not for blacks. The "black" Creole poetry and other accomplishments that Rushton mentions were not the creations of blacks, nor did blacks enjoy the same economic and legal status of the "free people of color." To say that blacks shared all the advantages open to either mulattoes or mixed caucasians is a gross distortion of historical and sociological fact.

For the Creole, racial mixture was the

rule, not the exception. Rushton underplays the importance of this fact. Rushton may consider it racist for a mulatto to be favored above a black, but he might as well face the fact that a mulatto can be a white person's child and a black cannot.

Though Rushton acknowledges the independent identity Creoles have sought to maintain, he denies it as fervently as the blatant racists he condemns. True, people like Ernest Morial adopt the "black" term for political expediency, but to imply, as Rushton does, that all non-Hispanic people with some known black ancestry should be considered black is an endorsement of a racist idea rooted in racist logic as well as a denial of the most basic right a human being possesses—the right to be oneself.

—Leonard Fabian
Ann Arbor, MI

Some proletarians are middle class

IN EITHER BUY NOR SUBSCRIBE to your paper since I believe a socialist newspaper is an anachronism in the jet age, but I read it now and then, thanks to the courtesy of a friend who gives it to me free after he has read it. I must say that, on the whole, *IN THESE TIMES* is a very good paper. But...

Your coverage of the killing of Aldo Moro and your editorial (*ITT*, May 24) were historically inaccurate and morally weak. First of all, no sane man or woman approves of murder, but can you believe our times are sane? Secondly, everyone in the business knows the brigatisti blew it and shot the majordomo and not the master, no doubt influenced by John Wayne movies where he always shoots at the horse first instead of the rider.

And thirdly, those "masses" that all American socialists are so infatuated with are pure mystification. When will you come of age...?

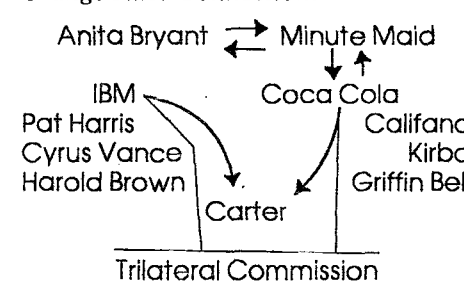
No revolution was made by "workers and peasants." So, I hereby commit the ultimate socialist heresy! There are no better candidates for revolution than the children of the middle class and the well-to-do. These people have enjoyed freedoms since birth denied to the rest of us and that have given them perspectives that "the masses," burdened with the endless toiling of the daily grind, cannot possibly attain.

I suggest you review your concept of "proletarian" and bring it up to date. We are all proletarians; corporate capitalism makes us so and, in a political universe dominated by multinational corporations, "the proletariat" has become truly international.

—Paul Tarsus
Washington, D.C.

Orange Juice Connection

AFTER THE GAY RIGHTS SEction of the St. Paul Human Rights Ordinance was repealed I composed the following "doodle" which I call *The Orange Juice Connection*.



—Cindy Hines
St. Paul, Minn.

Mind over viscera

IN HER REVIEW OF *SATURDAY Night Fever* (*ITT*, May 31) Roberta Lynch opted for a "gut" interpretation that brands it as "sexist." With due respect to her viscera (and since she started the mind-body metaphor), we think Lynch's cerebrum offered her a far better view of the movie.

We don't think *SNF* is basically sexist, despite the instances of sexist behavior it depicts. *SNF* suggests that Tony, largely catalyzed by his relationship with Stephanie, manages to make a signifi-

cant break with the unthinking prejudices of his social milieu. Stephanie has the strength to insist that Tony apply the same moral standards to her that he has always applied to white males: mutuality of trust, honesty, and respect.

The relationship adds force to Tony's own struggles with the limitations of his environment—the racism of his gang, the constraints of his job, the life-model of his parents. Stephanie's attraction to Tony also undergoes some change: she modifies her newly acquired "middle class" prejudice against Tony, and goes some way toward accepting the honesty, sincerity, and vulnerability mixed with his come-ons. Both characters show their capacity to shed casual and opportunistic use of others for more genuine social relationships. *SNF* stresses the point that American society promotes—even requires—such predatory instrumentalism as a means of staying alive.

Some will revel in the "gang-bangs" in the movie, just as some will identify with the racist attitudes of Tony's gang. But this is clearly not the main message of the movie, which is no more racist than it is sexist.

Lynch's gut seems to want *SNF* to become a sort of socialist morality play, with just the kind of one-dimensional "working class heroes" which she admits are not credible. This might make her stomach calmer, but it's better for art and the working class that *SNF* remain as it is.

Bill Burr
Keith Haynes
Paul Wolman
DeKalb, Ill.

Cancel another one...

THANKS TO CAROL WOLMAN for speaking the unspeakable. As Cold War children my sister and I took turns changing the water in five-gallon containers my mother kept in the basement with stacks of canned goods, a first-aid kit, toilet articles and other items.

It was a family joke and Mother suffered a lot of ridicule for attempting to establish a fall-out shelter. But now I understand the secret terror behind that quiet, loving woman's effort to preserve her family from nuclear disaster.

In the years since, the two viciously competitive superpowers have continued to stockpile hundreds of nuclear warheads, proliferate nuclear weapons around the world (along with the economic "necessity" of war), and impose a nuclear energy system to further bond their peoples to the risky but profitable process of splitting atoms. The notion that these devices insure peace faded along with our faith in the political and military leadership that has led us to the edge of this abyss.

Our art and our popular culture are increasingly filled with images of the nuclear wipe-out we are heading for. Only those blinded by faith in "rationality" to prevail and faith that their own egos will continue to exist do not recognize the mushroom cloud at the end of the cul-de-sac we have been led into.

In the absence of a militant popular demand for immediate and complete disarmament, all your socialist theorizing about a popular electoral by-and-by is intellectual masturbation, ultimately useless except to pass away the time among yourselves until some struggle in the Mideast, or Africa, or anywhere detonates the devices of destruction that hold our world in the most paralyzing grip of tyranny in its history—the tyranny of potential man-made worldwide holocaust.

If your socialism cannot lead the people to disarmament, it only offers an alternative road to slaughter. Create for us a movement for disarmament and offer Americans and the people of the world a real alternative of hope and of life.

If you can't do that, cancel my subscription.

—Ethel Beard
Downers Grove, Ill.

Editor's Note: Please try to keep letters under 250 words in length. Otherwise we have to make drastic cuts, which may change what you want to say. Also, if possible, please type and double-space letters—or at least write clearly and with wide margins.

Forty years after Spanish war: two stories with happy endings

Two stories journalists would call of "human interest" came to a climax this year. One was sent out of British Columbia by the Associated Press. The other has never been publicized and probably never will be—unless the man to whom it happened chooses to write it down. Both began 40 years ago, during the Spanish Civil War.

The AP story concerns a Spaniard named Manuel Alvarez who was 11 years old in August 1938 and lived in the small town in Catalonia called Corbera. Corbera lies on a road as straight as a string and even in 1938 with the war moving through the nearby Sierra Pandols and the Sierra Caballs it had no military importance whatsoever.

But elements of the International Brigades moved through the town to and from the front that was rarely stabilized enough to be called a front. It was a war of movement, not position. And that August the Lincoln Battalion and the Canadian, named MacKenzie-Papineau, crossing the Ebro River during the great offensive, moved through the small town, toward Gandesa. And within 24 hours Corbera was hammered into the Spanish earth by the fascist airbombs and artillery.

There were only a handful of old men, old women and children in the town. Most had been evacuated but some came back at night to occupy their homes—and most of them died in the attack. One young boy—Manuel Alvarez—was hiding under a water-tank when the bombers came over, and the tank was hit.

He was carried swiftly downhill by the

torrent of water and was suddenly picked up by a tall man who said, "*Soy Canadiense*." He carried Manuel to a first-aid station where his leg, broken in two places, was put in a cast and his other leg, lacerated by shrapnel, was cleaned out and dressed. The Canadian had disappeared.

By the end of September 1938 the International Brigades—what was left of them—had been withdrawn by the Spanish Republic in a unilateral gesture intended to force Nazi Germany and fascist Italy to pull out their "volunteers," who numbered entire divisions of aviation, artillery, tanks and infantry. Of course, the gesture did not work; they merely intensified their intervention and in the next five months overwhelmed the Republic.

By the end of the year most Internationals had been repatriated—those whose countries would accept them—and among them was a man who had lived in many lands and spoke many languages and was a doctor.

He did not want to leave; he had a Spanish girlfriend and she was pregnant. He urged her to come with him and it might have been possible, but she refused. He wanted to stay with her—and could not do it. For the next 38 years he was consumed with guilt and self-reproach.

He tried to maintain contact with the girl and he learned that she had given birth to a son named Jaime—the Spanish equivalent of his own. Contact was soon broken, however, and all attempts to find the girl and her family came to nothing. The doctor moved to New York and prac-

tised his art and craft; he married and had a family, whom he never told about his Spanish love affair. His children grew up and he retired.

In 1976 he suddenly started to correspond with another I.B. man and unburdened himself of his secret and his sense of guilt. His correspondent urged him to do two things. 1. Tell his story to his wife and children; 2. Go to Spain with his wife and search for his former *novia* and their son. He warned the doctor to expect nothing.

Twenty years after the tall soldier who had said "I am Canadian" had picked him up, Manuel Alvarez, 31, emigrated to Canada—to find the man who had saved his life. He learned English and became an automobile dealer. He got in touch with the organization of Canadian veterans of the Spanish war in Vancouver and found out that of the 1,200 Canadians who had gone to Spain to fight, only 500 had returned. The organization tried to help him but almost 20 years went by before he came across the name of a Mac-Pap soldier he had never seen before on any list. The vets' organization said it would try to find that man, but told Alvarez that only 120 of their members still survived and there was no way of knowing whether this man was still alive.

They found him. His name, amazingly, was Jimmy Higgins. He was 71 years old and he lived in Ontario. Alvarez got him on the phone and they compared notes. Higgins told the Spaniard that he had an unpublished manuscript about his time

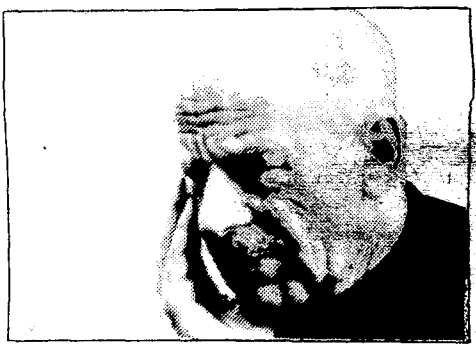
in Spain, that one chapter was titled, "The Boy," which told the story of his rescue of the 11-year-old in Corbera, and how the phrase, "*Soy Canadiense*" had actually been spoken. In July the two men will meet for the first time in 40 years.

In 1977 the doctor and his wife went to Spain. Incredibly, he found his son Jaime, now 39 and with a family of his own. Jaime's mother had died, only recently. The reunion was joyful; both families—Spanish and American—took to each other instantly and as this is written the doctor and his wife are in Madrid again. Jaime and his family will come to New York to visit in their turn, the doctor wrote the I.B. man he has never met, and who had counselled him to make the search.

Do we believe in happy endings any more? More accurately, for those two stories, happy beginnings? Who will believe that either of these stories climaxed within a year of each other and after such a lapse of time?

The human heart is considerably more than a pump and in the 17th century, Blaise Pascal, a French mathematician and philosopher, wrote a little book called *Pensees*, which in French also means, pancies, which are sometimes called "heart's ease."

"The heart," wrote Pascal, "has its reasons which reason does not know." ■ *Alvah Bessie is a novelist, critic and screenwriter who was involved in the Spanish Civil War as a soldier of the Republic and was a member of the Hollywood 10.*



Diane Winston

Redgrave's film misses human touch

With 100 million other viewers of the 1978 Academy Award presentations, I watched award-winning Vanessa Redgrave passionately defend artistic freedom. Ironically, her rhetorical language eclipsed her good intentions. Her references to fascism, McCarthy and Zionist hoodlums offended many of those for whom the Holocaust and HUAC were tragic rites of passage.

That Redgrave ended her speech with a vow to fight anti-Semitism made me curious to see her PLO documentary, *The Palestinian*. If she repeated the same polemical language that she used before the Academy, she'd be hard pressed to explain how it was in defense of Jews. I was also interested in how her political beliefs jibed with the PLO. According to inside sources, the PLO accepted her support, although her positions did not mirror their own, because she provided access to a wide audience.

My curiosity peaked when I heard that Palestinians at the Washington, D.C., screening raved about the film. Conveniently, I was invited to a small New York preview for the Mid East Film Festival's organizers and film selection committee.

We had some difficulty obtaining a print from its American distributors, the Fourth International. Planning to hold large screenings in major U.S. cities, they were reluctant to show it to small groups like ours. It seems that the furor around the film has made its distributors edgy.

When one of us left early, the FI rep threatened to stop the screening if the rest did not promise to sit through the entire two hours and 47 minutes.

Though I watched the film from start to finish, I could not shake my bias against it. I prefer indigenous films to ones made by outsiders. Foreign filmmakers rarely catch the complex human tragedy of the Middle East. Most outsiders read the situation through their particular lens of racism, religious hos-



tility, class warfare or cultural antagonism. The tragedy is that none of these solves the human conundrum of two essentially just but mutually exclusive claims. This human dimension is clearest when people speak for themselves.

Admittedly, Mid Eastern films require viewer adjustment after watching Hollywood fare. Emphasizing process, they unfold slowly: shots linger and characters evolve gradually. *The Palestinian* looks like a film shot in the Middle East but cut in Hollywood. Interviews with Palestinians are lengthy but cutaways come quickly.

The film-makers travel from northern to southern Lebanon, canvassing refugees in camps, schools, hospitals and barracks about immediate conditions and possibilities for a return to Palestine. The re-

sponses are often shallow answers to set-up questions: "Why do fascists want to destroy you?" "What would you do with a wounded Israeli soldier?" Redgrave blunts the force of her questions by asking survivors of Tel-al-Zataar why "Zionists and imperialists" want to destroy them. She describes the Israelis as "racists," "fascists," "imperialists," and "bloodthirsty."

Redgrave also reinforces the film's Hollywood aura. Granted, I spoke with Palestinians who felt she bridged the gap between themselves and a largely unsympathetic world. But she struck me as being removed from the heart of the struggle. Though she squatted in the trenches and danced with a machinegun, it seems as if she was acting out rather than participating. She never shed her political/pro-

fessional entity to really become one of the people.

Did Redgrave fear that without her stamp the message would be lost? To me, the tragic circumstance of Palestinian refugees is self-evident. For Redgrave, each shot and interview is an opportunity to develop her political and economic analysis of their plight. An Egyptian present at the screening noted that every time an interviewee said phalangist, Redgrave translated fascist. The opening shot is a map of the Middle East with only the borders of Israel and Palestine defined. Blood appears in the north, trickling down covering everything. Dramatic political symbolism indeed, but abstract and negative rather than humane and hopeful.

The film finds its strength when focused on refugee life. A doctor, survivor of Tel-al-Zataar, gives a chilling description of the camp's conditions: "I have seen hundreds of bodies...bodies of infants, children, old people...the bodies of my nurses—they shot 38 of my nurses in front of my eyes..." Other interviews with Palestinians: teachers, physical therapists, parents, soldiers—humanize a people who are frequently depicted as nomads and terrorists. Despite their exile, the refugees have maintained a sense of purpose and a community of concern.

In its best moments the documentary shows a human side that Americans rarely see. But Redgrave fails in this film as she did at the Academy Awards. She sacrifices human cries in a twice promised land to the clarion call of the party line. Would that she learned from PLO leader Yasir Arafat who told her that what made the Palestinian revolution different was its human touch. ■

Diane Winston is a free-lance writer whose articles have appeared in Boston After Dark, Hadassah, Women's Agenda, and Viva. She has worked with Breira, Clergy and Laity Concerned, Women's Action Alliance and the Mid East Film Festival.

By William Graebner

Since retirement became a possibility for some working Americans in the late 19th century it has had two central characteristics. First, it has been a device for corporate and bureaucratic efficiency and control. Second, it has been a benign state of existence, a period of time between work and death when one enjoys the rewards that follow from a lifetime of effort on the job.

In 1900, the first characteristic was dominant. Teachers, bureaucrats, printers and machinists actively sought retirement systems that would secure them against the hazards of old age, not so much because they *wanted* to retire, but because they wanted protection should they *have* to retire. The larger purposes of efficiency and control were fully acknowledged.

Between 1940 and 1960, however, the second characteristic eclipsed the first. The leading advocates and beneficiaries of retirement—corporations, trade unions, insurance companies, retirement journals—began aggressively to market retirement as a consumable commodity. To make their product attractive, they ignored its essentially political origins (the first characteristic) and mythologized what was left (into the second characteristic). This selling of retirement has been so thorough that we have lost sight of retirement's origins and history as a means of social management.

Efficiency and control.

The nation's first major pension system was for soldiers. A system of military retirement, established in 1861, allowed and encouraged the service to release aging officers whose efficiency had presumably declined, but who had been retained out of custom and tradition. Almost identical circumstances—a federal bureaucracy sheltering large numbers of clerks, guards, and other functionaries in their seventies and eighties—led to the passage of the Civil Service Retirement Act of 1920.

After 1885, corporations turned with increasing frequency to retirement as a panacea for rising levels of conflict between labor and management. Specialists in employee relations believed retirement programs would forge loyalty between employee and company, leading to lower rates of turnover and fewer work stoppages. Efficiency experts believed a retirement system would allow the company to reduce the age level of its staff (and therefore, so the argument went, increase productivity) without risking the public censure that often came when older workers were fired without resources.

During the Great Depression, retirement became a macro-economic institution. Federal legislation creating a railroad retirement system was expected to relieve job pressure by retiring between 50,000 and 100,000 older railroad workers. The Social Security Act of 1935 was also designed as retirement legislation. Barbara Armstrong, the law professor who in 1934 developed the social insurance provisions of that legislation for Franklin D. Roosevelt's Committee on Economic Security, later defended the income limits written into the law (which restricted the amount one could earn and remain eligible for benefits) as essential to its labor market purpose: "We never called these benefits anything but retirement benefits." "We knew as we sat and planned this work," she added, "that there were two reasons why Mr. Roosevelt had acted. One was great concern for the unemployment problem, and the young people were without hope and without a chance for earnings."

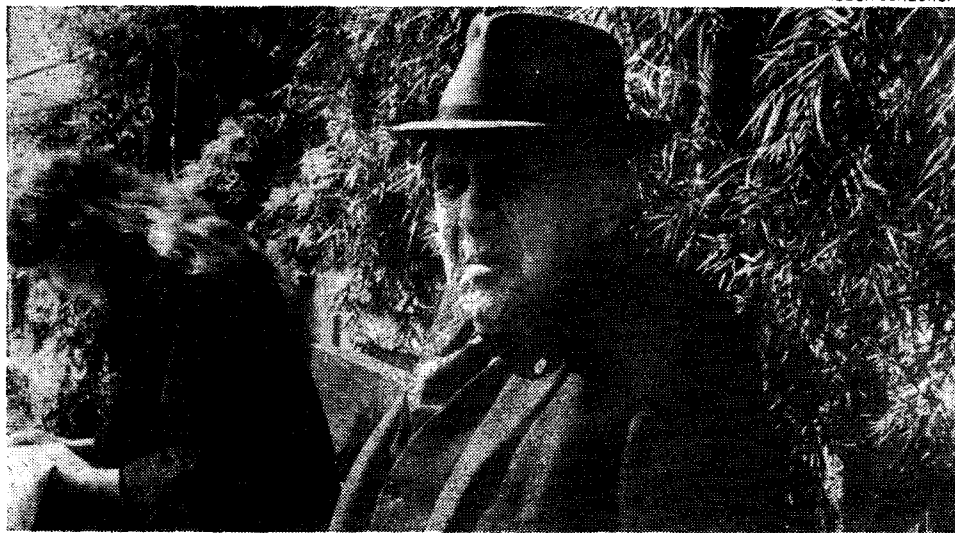
As Armstrong implied, and as Labor Secretary Frances Perkins acknowledged explicitly, one purpose was to replace older workers with the 25 to 45 year olds whose employment was considered essential to social health and stability.

The mythology of retirement.

The mythology of retirement developed because American business, faced with rising unemployment rates caused by technology in the 1920s and the depression of the 1930s, needed a rationale for laying off older workers. Fears of a return to depression conditions following World

IN DEPTH

Retiring myths about retirement



War II went far to convince Americans that retirement as a device for distributing work was necessary.

One problem remained. Not all older workers wanted to retire. Not all were willing to trade work life for money, even to create an opportunity for a younger worker.

The selling of retirement involved convincing these recalcitrants that retirement was good. The retired and those approaching retirement age were exposed to a wilting barrage of propaganda. In advertisements published in over 300 newspapers in the late '40s life insurance agents defined retirement as the joy of being at the ball park on a weekday afternoon. Most major corporations and labor unions developed retirement preparation programs in which employees (according to Esso Standard) were expected to see their retirement as "active, fruitful and constructive" (although the corporation, by definition, no longer considered them useful) and were supposed to understand that "retirement is something earned by faithful service, a form of 'graduation' into a new phase of life rather than a 'casting out' process."

Rather than develop an alternative approach to old age, the journals serving present or prospective retirees generally subscribed to the new mythology of retirement. Between 1945 and 1955, *Retirement Life*, the journal of the National Association of Retired Civil Employees, was increasingly filled with poems on leisure, photos of retirement ceremonies, and stories on hobbies and crafts. The editors of *Retirement Planning News* chose the first issue, published in 1956, to express dissatisfaction with the word retirement, since it was "likely to mean retirement from life, a withdrawal from the active world." Why not the "fulfillment years," a time of "opportunity to fulfill lifelong desires to do things he never quite had time to do before?"

While the new term at least promised an active old age, it also implied acceptance of the limitations on working age established by capital and labor. Under the influence of Ethel Percy Andrus, the American Association of Retired Persons (founded in 1955) accepted the prevailing analysis of the origins of retirement, including the replacement of a work-centered society by a leisure-centered one.

Academics also helped market the retirement mythology. Among sociologists, "activity theory," in which retirement was a violation of the organism's constant need for a higher level of interaction, was yielding to the paradigm of "disengagement." Disengagement theorists argued that aging was a kind of inevitable withdrawal from social contact. Retirement, defined as permission to disengage,

allowed the old to preserve self-esteem while lowering activity levels. Parallel developments were taking place in the closely related field of work and leisure.

Participants in a Corning roundtable took up the relationship between leisure and retirement in 1951. Session chairman Lynn White Jr., president of Mills College, agreed that attitudes appropriate to retirement had to be developed during worklife. "Perhaps," he said, "we have to glamorize leisure as we have not." Sociologist Robert Dubin provided scholarly support for a leisure-centered culture in 1956, with his claim that for most industrial workers, work and workplace were not "central life interests." "Our great social inventions," he wrote, "will probably not come in connection with work life; they will center in community life." The old age clubs and senior centers which became so popular in the '40s and '50s are testimony to the influence of this leisure-centered view of old age. The old would be entertained, but not in the workplace.

Reclaiming the past.

While there have been dissident voices,

those who have been selling retirement have generally held center stage. In spite of recently passed legislation restricting mandatory retirement, many Americans now accept retirement, even mandatory retirement, as a reasonable institution. During congressional hearings on retirement age policies in March of 1977, spokesmen for large corporations repeatedly denied the need for statutory elimination of mandatory retirement. "Mandatory retirement age," argued a General Motors representative, "is more or less academic. People are not staying that long. People are retiring earlier and earlier every year." This suggests that economic incentives to retirement, retirement preparation programs, and the new glorified image of retirement may have succeeded in modifying attitudes and behavior.

A more serious problem is that the modern mythology of retirement has made us blind to the ever-present realities behind our social welfare programs. College textbooks and scholarly monographs in American history, for example, invariably treat the Social Security Act of 1935 only as a welfare measure, to be judged adequate or inadequate on the basis of whether or not the insurance benefits were large enough or the financing method appropriate.

Dwight D. Eisenhower's solicitude for social security was usually accompanied by some expression of surprise and gratitude that a Republican administration had chosen to carry on and even expand the welfare state. But social security changes under Eisenhower were a product of a complex economic and political environment in which issues other than old age dependency played a major role.

During the early '50s a number of corporations reversed an historic opposition to benefit increases. They did so not because they had finally perceived the limits of rugged individualism, but because they had come to see social security as a way of reducing costs accrued under the pension provisions of collective bargaining agreements.

Here, and in the private sector, our retirement history is rich and complex, the product of the conflicting needs of capital and labor, of older and younger workers, of union leaders and the rank-and-file; it is time we reclaimed it from a mythology in which social security means only security and retirement means Wrigley Field on a Tuesday afternoon. ■

William Graebner is Associate Professor of History at the State University College, Fredonia, N.Y.

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The Longest Walk

Continued from page 7.

group. The steps are the beats, the drums and chants just complements. The walkers are the real message here, not the symbols surrounding them.

While the walkers course ahead clear in their purpose, the support cars crawl along behind, changing gears from low to neutral and back again. Sitting atop a fender one woman holds a staff inscribed "Crow women warriors." She sings Jonathan Edwards' "Sunshine" with fitting emphasis on "He can't even run his own life, I'll be damned if he'll run mine." Children scurry to the front of the walk, oblivious to the heat. They alternately scream in hysterical delight at roadside discoveries and whine in embarrassment at having to use the side of the road for a bathroom.

Plastic gallon water jugs are constantly relayed to the staff carriers in front. The jugs are empty by the time they are passed to the back of the group. Under the sun the water is soon sweated away.

As the day rolls on it seems that everything else is moving and that the walk is the only thing stationary. Flowing in time without passage to reverberating drums, feet move over the miles in spiritual unison. Coming to the day's exit, those riding the bus for a breather fall back in for the final push.

Rest and work.

The support crews who stayed behind in

the morning to pack up now wait at the end with tanks of grape drink and tea. On the bus to camp walkers share their satisfaction at the long day done with smiles and smokes.

In the mail a book has arrived for the monks. On the cover is a picture of the Sioux medicine man Black Elk, inside are his words in Japanese. The monks straddle the two cultures comfortably; their avarice for a cigarette is equal to any other walker's. One monk sports a t-shirt with the movie title, "The World's Greatest Lover." Asked about he grins good naturedly, savoring the irony of the joke.

At camp the supply crew has spread out everyone's gear from the truck along with clothes donated by people in a nearby town. Walkers rummage through boxes of tennis shoes given by a local merchant. Most items are put to immediate use, but a pair of high heel shoes, a winter coat and a woman's wig lie abandoned in their uselessness.

The sun is hardly down and already the camp parking lot resembles a shade tree garage as walk mechanics attend to ailing cars. Whole exhaust systems are laid out for checking, timing gears replaced and brakes repaired. A radio pumps out the latest hits as four men work by the light of a kerosene lantern.

It is an odd blend of canvas tepees and metal wrenches. But the Indians are not a simply dismissed anachronism. That they can use technology for their pur-

poses and still keep to the ancient ways shows more wisdom than the petro-chemical age has been able to muster.

By night the security people are also set up at the camp entrances. Their purpose is to enforce walk bans on drugs, firearms and liquor. The rule applies to visitors as well as walkers. Thus far on the walk there has been no trouble. Local people are polite and curious as they shake hands with Indians, express their support and take a look around. One night while camped in a city park, two young boys came to camp security with sleeping bags and a note from their parents. After thinking it over the Indians let them in and the two got to spend the night in the camp. For all the talks of a white backlash there is a real warmth being exchanged along the route.

A pow-wow.

An example of this are the pow-wows held every couple of weeks. A local group, often a church congregation, prepares food for the walkers. In turn the walkers give non-Indians a chance to join in on Indian dances and songs. Most importantly the events help raise money along the way. It costs the Longest Walk \$500 a day to keep going and as its members increase so will that cost. By the time they walk reaches Washington it is predicted that 30,000 people will have joined.

On a Friday night at the Southwest United Church of Christ in Indianapolis some 200 local people turn out to welcome the walkers. In the church basement Indian women make the customary fried bread. Outside people who have just walked 25 miles are dancing around a seated circle of drummers. As each dance

is introduced it is also announced that engraved tomahawks and "Longest Walk T-shirts are for sale. The congregation of this largely lower middle-class church gives generously.

Indians dance alone, but non-Indians also join in the dance around the drums. There are special dances for the children, the women and couples. There is not a flashy pink or turquoise feather in sight. The pow-wow is like a get-together among friends. On the next to the last song the shy and reluctant join in as three circles, fading from all Indians in the innermost to non-Indians in the outer rings, move around the center.

The last song is, appropriately, the AIM anthem. Without a word all the Indians, even those not given to singing, gather around. One of the drummers starts it; his voice so high and far away that it seems to come from outside the circle. Like a high wind it blows down from a place before words or memory. It rises again and all join it and with a roll of thunder so do the drums.

During the 1940s, when the Indian population was at its lowest, it was predicted that Indians would disappear completely. The involuntary sterilization of Indian women continues to threaten their existence. But there are many young Indians here tonight, their voices strong and confident. Toward the back stands an older chief and he looks pleased—the vision has survived. The Indians are not going to go away, they are going to go to Washington.

Nolan Hester is a writer in Urbana, Ill. Contributions to support the Longest Walk can be sent to: Longest Walk, P.O. Box 409, Davis, Calif. 95616.

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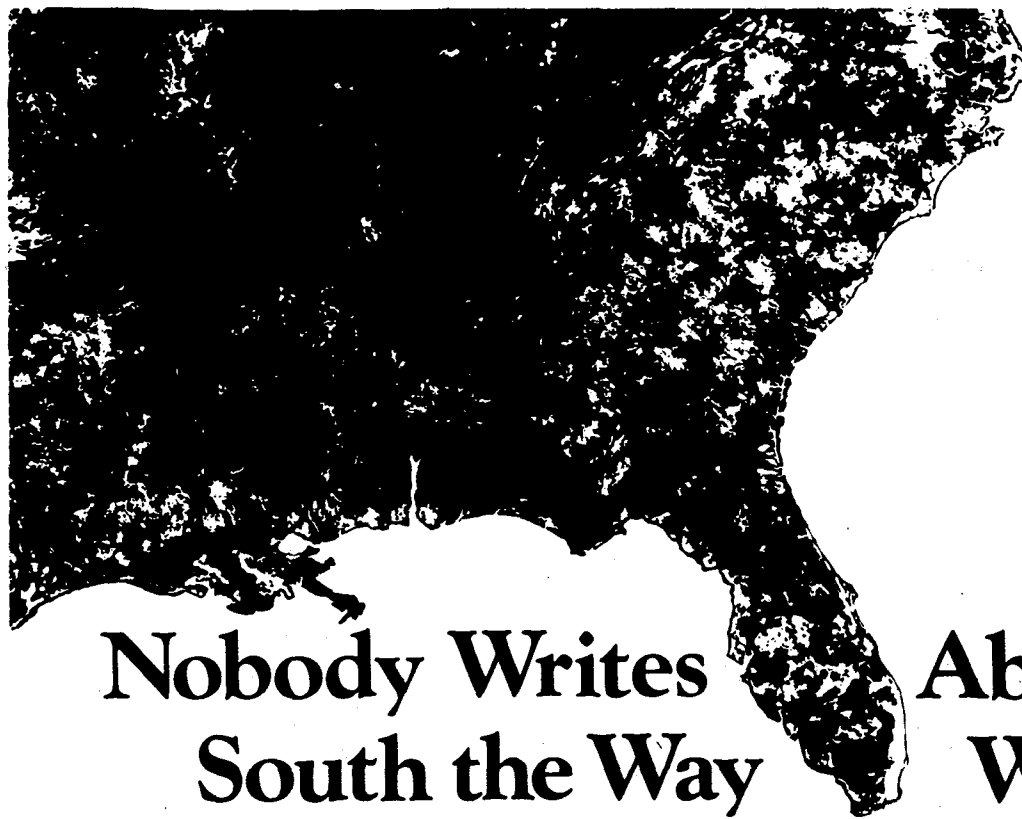
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LIFE IN THE U.S.

PROFILE



For 80 years Hobart McKean has lived on the land through good times and bad. He never abandoned his faith in it or in the possibility of creating a better world. Above: Hobart and family in 1932.

By Henry Gordan

CIRCLE, MONTANA

HOBART MCKEAN WORKS AT the threading of the pipe in his well. There is some difficulty as the pipe is quite old. A short, thin man with baggy khaki pants, a grey shirt, and a baseball cap, Hobart finally gives up and walks away from the water tower. His top button is buttoned, and the warm, questioning smile he wears is from another era. Hobart is about 80 and looks it.

The rolling hills and fields of the eastern Montana plains stretch as far as the eye can see with wheat and barley and oats and flax. Except for one house that belongs to the family that now ranches Hobart's land, there are no other houses in sight. Hobart lives in a small two-story wood-frame building he and his wife Grace built 50 years ago. It sits at the end of a ten-mile dirt road named after them. Even the lights of Circle, the nearest town, are invisible.

Walking around, Hobart sees the last vestiges of his working years: a combine bought new in 1927, a thrasher and a plow from the same era. He auctioned his implements six years ago after losing his left eye, but the man who bought these never came to collect.

Hobart's family came to Circle before the land had been surveyed for homesteading. "Father" had yearned for free land, but also a more creative outlet for his work. Like many new immigrants they came seeking a new vision of society and work.

Circle in 1910 had a strong socialist tradition. Pete Rorvik, the man after whose brand the town is named, was the first state representative and a socialist. People rounded up cattle and horses cooperatively on the open range. They stockpiled coal together. They formed volunteer fire departments. They opened libraries and started schools. As producers they formed class conscious organizations like the Non-Partisan League and the Farmer's Union and Co-ops.

Hobart was only 21 at the time of the Russian Revolution in 1917 and like so many others of his political generation it was an event that forged his political thinking.

Learn to conquer fear.

Hobart scorns small talk but will talk endlessly about the ideas and people that

Hobart McKean kept the spirit alive in Montana

"I used to be able to tell a horse's age by its teeth. Now you can tell my age by mine."

shaped the content of his life.

"Back in Indiana, I walked to school with my sisters Berna and Helene. Like school children do, we sang and played on our way. There was just one thing. We had to pass this one house set a ways back from the road. An old bachelor lived there who, because he was a socialist, was thought to be crazy by everyone in that small Indiana community. And we believed it too, because we always crossed to the other side of the road and would peer mistrustfully over to make sure he wasn't coming out to chase us. He never did, but we sure were scared.

"Even then fear was the sensation I liked least. So when there was something everyone feared, why I tried to learn a little something about it. And back then, in the days of the *Appeal to Reason*, why it wasn't too long before I started to get a few socialist ideas myself."

As he speaks his head hangs slightly like a schoolboy telling a story he doubts anyone will believe. Since the end of the war and the McCarthy era few people have listened to him.

Grace is fixing breakfast. At 78 she is slowing down from what Hobart calls an already slow start. She reads *Prevention* magazine and takes a series of vitamin supplements daily. With her white hair, thin, almost frail bones and slender body, you could mistake her for the average American grandmother were it not for those eyes. They are hot enough to fry an egg on or pierce through the parafin covering on a lie. Her voice is low and pleasing, which makes it more startling when she speaks of the "workers of the world."

"I was never cast out like Hobart was," she says, thinking about the past 30 years. "Mostly they felt sorry for me for being stuck with him." She laughs.

Hobart has come from cleaning up, in-

cluding, it is obvious, his false eye. "You're looking up, Father," Grace tells him.

As he looks in the mirror Grace puts breakfast on the table. "I used to be able to tell a horse's age by its teeth," he says, pointing at his own filed down, yellow teeth. "Now you can tell my age by mine."

Hobart quotes from the Bible while he eats—usually to castigate tired radicals—and talks about the poets whose work he likes: James Russell Lowell, Edwin Markham, Walt Whitman.

Years ago Hobart's poems were regular features in Farmers Union publications. They have long titles, unusual for poems, like "Collectivism Versus Individualism," or "Letter to the Farmer's Anti-Communist Club of Circle." By most poetic standards, including his own, they are not excellent. But they contain his vision, his zeal.

Easy to be a socialist in '30s.

Hobart's horses kept him on his land during the Depression. No rain fell, no crops grew. The tractor had long since made work horses obsolete. But a lingering market for mules in the South and a few scrawny carrots and potatoes kept his family from starving.

Farmers were rebellious then. It was easy to vote socialist. Hobart's voting precinct carried for Norman Thomas in 1932. The Farmers Union was socialist then, and was attracting many members. Some were just rebels, but many were interested in socialist ideas.

The '30s slipped away and with the war came a little rain. Crops started to grow as prices started to rise. The socialists were losing favor then as they clamored for peace in a nation gearing up for war. Hobart continued to speak and write; to study and raise crops. He sold the last of

his horses and switched to cattle.

But farmers were changing. They began to give unswerving devotion to the government in exchange for their first taste of prosperity. "Stay out of politics," they told the FU and Co-ops. With their wealth they bought new tools and machinery, on time. No longer on the fringe they chanced the advice specialists and experts gave. They benefited economically, but farm work, once an outpost of independence, became production work where isolated manufacturers implemented the formulas experts provided.

Hobart also prospered. But for him money meant more time to study and write. He watched knowledge and ideas become the property of a few, just as productive plants had, and its implications frightened him. He fought the erosion of the Co-ops educational committees, of its business as usual stance. "We need a new vision," he urged FU progressives.

Battle for the mind.

The battle for the mind was on, with disastrous results.

Peace and understanding were the issues. Hobart showed films on soil conservation in China, but had such difficulty finding a room he lost most of his audience. Maud Russel of the *Far Eastern Reporter* came for a number of years until the heckling made her efforts useless. Hobart attended and spoke about peace conferences around the country. He held a communist study school at his house one winter. As elsewhere, though, the deck was stacked.

"It's tough being a Paul Revere," he says. "The climate of our society is so much better suited for a Lady Godiva ride." The *Circle Banner* wouldn't have printed the Lord's Prayer if he submitted, so he took out paid advertising to answer the broadsides leveled against him.

A Farmer's Anti-Communist Club was formed. Headlines in the press played up on the fears many silently held: "Hoover Says Fifth Column of 540,000 Ready in U.S." The FBI came to harass Hobart but found intimidating any potential audience to be an easier chore.

The stifling of dissent was particularly true in the FU. An early '50s convention banner read "Dictatorship or Democracy?" Hobart wrote the FU president saying the choice was a narrow one. "You're as crazy as any sane man should be allowed to get," was the reply.

"They filled Circle with Communist experts," he says. "Some say they brought them in because of me. If that's so, I wish I had never spoken for they surely did more harm than I did good. They had quite a few of them."

"Now that I've passed the four score mark my mind has mellowed out a bit," he continues. "I realize I should have taken a soap box down to the center of Main Street and spoken until the cops dragged me off. We didn't have a very effective cop system then. Many might have passed and someone might have heard. As it is, no one did."

As the years have passed the hatred and fear towards Hobart has lessened. Like the bachelor of his boyhood days he is considered a crazy old boy out in the hills northeast of Circle. But his legacy lives: overly inquisitive school children have been warned for years lest they become a Hobart McKean.

But Hobart has never stopped writing or thinking. When an old FU buddy seized on the spirit of the American Agriculture strike and called for the revitalization of the co-ops, Hobart had to respond.

"Everything has changed except our thinking," he quoted Einstein. The cooperative idea was good 40 years ago, he said, but we must go beyond that. "Cooperation is the sweetest story ever told," he concluded. "It's being told by socialism."

Henry Gordan is a free-lance writer in Seattle.

SPORTS

Montreal wins third NHL title

By Gary Kulik

IT'S BECOMING ROUTINE. THE Montreal Canadiens are the champions of the National Hockey League for the third year in a row. They did it this year by beating the Boston Bruins in a final round series that ran six games.

The Bruins, beaten in last year's finals in four straight, made this year's series longer and more exciting than anyone had a right to expect. But in the end, the result was the same. Once again, the Canadiens' superior speed, depth, and defense were decisive.

Both teams advanced to the finals with relative ease. The Canadiens' first beat the upstart Detroit Red Wings in five, and then swept four straight from the Toronto Maple Leafs. The Leafs had earned the right to lose to Montreal by beating up the New York Islanders in a quarter-final series many critics likened to a street brawl.

Like Montreal, the Bruins too lost only one game in the opening rounds, beating Chicago in four and the troubled Philadelphia Flyers in five.

The first two games of the finals were played in Montreal—the Canadiens winning both. In the first game, the spectacular Guy Lafleur scored once and assisted on two other goals as Montreal won 4-1. Only the goaltending of Gerry Cheevers kept the score respectable as the Bruins—thoroughly out-skated—posed few problems for the Canadiens.

Boston altered its strategy in Game Two. Sending only one man into the Canadiens' zone, the Bruins elected to do most of their fore-checking between the blue lines. Boston's normal pattern of aggressive checking deep in the oppon-

ent's zone simply could not work against Montreal, whose defensemen are too big and too mobile to be consistently pinned in their own end.

The strategy succeeded as the Bruins, quicker and better organized than in the first game, played the Canadiens even through regulation time. Cheevers, but for one mistake on the Canadiens' second goal, was brilliant once again. But Lafleur's goal at the 13-minute mark of ov-

While the Boston Bruins did better this year than last, Montreal proved once again that nobody can outskate them.

ertime, set up by series MVP Larry Robinson, decided the game 3-2.

Boston's hour.

For Boston fans, the next two games played on the smaller ice surface of the Boston Garden, were the highlights of the series. With the encouragement of an exuberantly manic crowd, the Bruins shut out the Canadiens in Game Three, 4-0—the first time Montreal had been blanked in the playoffs in seven years.

Cheevers, tested in the first period, had an easy time of it in the remaining two as the Bruins consistently pressured Canadian goalie Ken Dryden while frustrating the Montreal attack. When Peter McNab converted a nifty Mike Milbury pass to make the score 3-0 early in the third period, the outcome was clear. The Canadiens had been proven human. The Bruins had not only won, but had won convincingly.

Game Four, won by Boston in overtime, 4-3, was the most exciting of the series. The Bruins rallied from a 2-1 deficit with two goals, one by McNab, the other by Brad Park, near the mid-point of the third period. But the Canadiens,

after pulling Dryden for a sixth attacker, scored at 19:27 to tie the game.

The Canadiens appeared to dominate the overtime until the six-minute mark when Park made an excellent clearing pass to Gregg Sheppard. Sheppard, coming down the left side, set up Bobby Schmautz in the slot, and Schmautz' low wrist shot beat a screened Dryden. The Bruins had evened the series.

For every writer and fan who wanted

to talk about Schmautz' goal there were two talking about a bloody first-period fight between Boston's Stan Jonathan and the Canadiens' Pierre Bouchard. Despite the Bruins' reputation for rough play, the series, to that point, had been calm and clean. The fight, a clear decision for Jonathan, galvanized the crowd, but had little affect on the outcome of the game.

It was the Canadiens, totally out of character, who had provoked the fight. I suspect that Coach Scotty Bowman, electing to physically wear down the undermanned Bruins' defense, sought to establish the right to do so through intimidation.

Bowman, facing the threat of a lost series, panicked. What he could not win on the ice he then tried to do through the press. His loud complaints about the officiating in Game Four led to a public exchange with Bruins' coach Don Cherry that reflected poorly on both and detracted from the series' spirited play.

Strength wins out.

Whether Bowman's complaints were heeded by the officials, Game Five in

Montreal was closely called—and Cherry was convinced that the calls were going against the Bruins. Two of the Canadiens' goals came while Boston was shorthanded, but Montreal clearly dominated the first two periods anyway, built up a 4-0 lead, and held on to win 4-1.

The Bruins still had a chance. They were returning to Boston for Game Six, hoping once again to use their smaller rink to contain the Canadiens' speed and skating ability. With a victory at home, anything might happen in a seventh game. But it wasn't to go to seven.

In a cleanly-played game, the Canadiens won easily, 4-1. Three of their goals were simply the result of superior individual skating. The Bruins had nothing left. Their defensemen were tired, their offense could mount only 16 shots on Dryden. Brad Park, whose ninth goal of the playoffs in the first period tied Bobby Orr's record for most playoff goals by a defenseman, played most of the last two periods with groin and leg injuries and could not be effective. The Canadiens had worn him down, as they had the rest of the Bruins.

The Canadiens had once again proven that no team can skate with them in a seven-game series. The Bruins, and especially Don Marcotte, had contained Lafleur in the final four games, but the Canadiens had too much depth. Unheralded players Pierre Mondou and Mario Trembley figured in five of the team's final seven goals.

The Montreal Canadiens are a team with no weaknesses. With an excellent set of young skaters, they look to be as strong next year as they have been for the last three—a remarkable team with a proud tradition. The only surviving dynasty in professional sports.

Gary Kulik covers hockey for IN THESE TIMES.

Miss.

Continued from page 3.

persistent attacks on the "wasteful" welfare system. Dantin and Finch stressed the need for new jobs, while Sullivan and Waller stressed the balanced budget and the dangers of government spending. Dantin and Finch even gave limited support to federal job programs. Dantin's TV spots showed him in front of the Gulf's shipyards, the only large-scale industry in Mississippi.

A Republican senator?

The June 6 results demonstrated Finch's fall and Dantin's rise. Dantin came in first with 29 percent of the vote, and Finch second with 28 percent, while Sullivan netted 22 percent and Waller 21 percent.

Finch's greatest support was in the "blackneck-redneck" areas—the black majority counties of the Delta and the rural white counties—but Dantin captured the urban vote and a respectable part of the black vote.

In many southern elections, the front-runner loses the runoff (witness John Ingram's "upset" in North Carolina's Democratic runoff), but most observers expect that Dantin will get Waller's votes and at least half of Sullivan's.

The Democratic totals do show how widespread the support for racial moderation is. Together, Dantin, Finch and Waller accounted for over three-quarters of the vote. They also show some support for a modified welfare capitalism, represented by Finch and Dantin against Waller and Sullivan.

But Mississippi's next senator may not be Dantin or Finch. Unlike its neighbors, Mississippi has an active Republican party. Ford almost won Mississippi in 1976; and two of Mississippi's five congressmen are Republicans. The Republicans are better organized than the Democrats; and the Republican National Committee is expect-

ed to pump money into the fall race.

The Republicans have also abandoned their Goldwater-era segregationist image in favor of racial moderation. Under Mike Retzer's leadership, the party now has blacks on its state council and a Black Republican Council with over 300 dues-paying members.

The Republican nominee is Rep. Thad Cochran, who bested Charles Pickering in the primary. Cochran was widely seen as being more "liberal" than Pickering, even though Cochran boasted of a zero Americans for Democratic Action voting record and a 95 percent rating from the American Conservative Union, a "New Right" group. An effective campaigner, Cochran is given at least an even chance of beating the Democratic nominee.

The black vote.

Democratic chances for victory may hinge on the black voter. If Evers and Kirksey stay in the race, they will probably draw enough black voters away from either Dantin or Finch to permit Cochran to win. (Cochran won his congressional seat when a black independent deprived his Democratic opponent of the victory margin.) As a result, there will be tremendous pressure on them to withdraw.

Blacks are divided politically, no less so in Mississippi than elsewhere, but it is from the black electorate that the only significant left voices are being heard. If Sullivan was the "closet segregationist" of the Democratic primary, Kirksey will be the "closet socialist" of the general election. Kirksey expressed skepticism about the healing powers of free enterprise; he supports Humphrey-Hawkins and labor law reform and opposes right-to-work laws; and he rejects Mississippi's arms race euphoria.

Evers attacks the same foreign policy rhetoric. "I've heard enough about Zee-aire," he told an audience in Hattiesburg. "I want to hear about Mississippi."

If Evers and Kirksey stay in the race, Mississippians may have some steak to chew on in the fall campaign, even if all they get in the end is sizzle.



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STRANGER IN TOWN
Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet
Band
(Capitol Records)

DAVID JOHANSEN
David Johansen Group
(Blue Sky/CBS)

In today's rock'n'roll revival, it's possible to see two distinct tendencies: the idiosyncratic, socially aware types like Graham Parker and the Rumour, Patti Smith and Elvis Costello and the "who cares about the words, let's rock!" stylists like Bob Seger and David Johansen. Yet they are all united in one "movement," challenging the reigning rock orthodoxies with their return to a hard-driving and concise rock form.

Unlike Parker *et al.*, who have emerged only during the last several years, Seger and Johansen have been around for quite a while. Seger toiled in Detroit and other midwestern cities for 12 years before achieving major national success in 1976 with *Night Moves*. Seger was in no rush to release a follow-up album; but he shouldn't have worried. The new album is more consistently excellent than *Night Moves*.

If there's a theme in *Stranger in Town*, it's the same as *Night Moves*: Seger is concerned with history, both of personal relationships and rock music. This accounts for the only misgivings the new album provokes: in both theme and, in a few cases, in the melodies and riffs, Seger seems to be repeating himself. But as long as the quality of the music is high, small redundancies are easily overlooked.

David Johansen is pure energy, one of the most dynamic hard rock albums of the year. This should come as no surprise to followers of Johansen's career. As lead singer for the New York



David Johansen and associates

Dolls, a group whose image managed to obscure for many their musical contribution, Johansen demonstrated a charismatic and intense vocal style. His own power is superbly complemented on this album by the guitarists, Johnny Rao and Thomas Trask.

Two songs are particularly impressive. "Pain in My Heart" (not to be confused with the old Rolling Stones song with the same name) stomps along with an incredible ensemble of sound enhanced by the addition of horns and organ to the guitars and bass. Before you've had a chance to catch your breath, on comes "Not That Much." Most reminiscent of vintage Stones because of the guitar riffs and Johansen's growling Jaggerish vocal, the band follows a driving bass for three minutes of state-of-the-art rock'n'roll.

The vitality of these two albums tempts one to offer them as cures for a variety of mental and physical ailments. But perhaps it will suffice to say that *Stranger in Town* and *David Johansen* offer convincing evidence that good rock'n'roll and good rock'n'rollers do not fade away.

—Bruce Dancis

Bruce Dancis writes regularly for *IN THESE TIMES* about rock and reggae music.

ornamentation—a kind of musical doodling, frequent changes in time signatures, and the fusion of many musical styles and ethnic influences. The result is a unique and delightful sound.

From the dirgelike quality of "Keepsake" to the mock music-hall air of "Zoo Blues" to the storytelling in "Rab's Last Woolen Testament," *American Stonehenge*, the band's second LP, dances from one tune to the next as though it were the score for a musical comedy.

It is tempting to dismiss as a "creative anachronism" Williamson's rosy, romantic view of the world, but his musical sensitivity and ability to poke fun at himself make his excesses forgivable. At best, his poetry is playful—"Out in the desert/With the dinosaur blues/With a suitcase full of earwax/And pencils in his shoes." At worst, it is obscure and self-indulgent—"It was raining crucifixes/to the tune of Billy Budd."

The Scottish-born Williamson, an excellent guitarist, mandolin and whistle player, is joined by three talented Americans who are capable of improvising new sounds from traditional music: Sylvia Woods on celtic harp, harp-sichord and kazoo; Christopher Caswell on flute, accordion, bagpipes, whistle, bodhran and jug; and Jerry McMillian on violin, viola and piano.

Williamson is in fine voice on this album. He shifts from the gently wistful tone of a ballad like "These Islands Green" to a vocal as raw and vehement as that of any punk rocker on "The Man in the Van." The Merry Band adds to the rich vocal texture of the songs with their harmonies and back-up vocals.

The best cuts on the album reflect Williamson's ability to take the traditional one step further. "Port London Early" and "Her Scattered Gold"—the album's two instrumentals—are flawless gems. Two other fine songs play on time-honored traditions of the Celts: drinking, lamenting and storytelling.

But the grabbiest number is not Celtic at all. In "Zoo Blues," Williamson and friends go ape with a series of animal puns: "Gorilla my dreams/You're a cheetah it seems." The zany lyrics are perfectly accompanied by the jug, the swanee whistle, the jews harp and four-part harmony.

American Stonehenge is an album which takes repeated listenings to fully appreciate, but like the Druid monument it is named for, it will endure.

—Myrna Greenfield
Myrna Greenfield is a free-lance writer in Chicago.



AMERICAN STONEHENGE
Robinson Williamson & His
Merry Band
(Flying Fish Records)

He's a Pied Piper, Puck and Peter Pan, all at once. Incredible String Band co-founder Robin Williamson leads his Merry Band (and the listener) "through the blue hills back of Santa Cruz,"

to the zoo and to Scotland in search of a "contemporary Celtic music using the old instruments in a new way."

Don't let the word "Celtic" put you off; it's really just a way of describing the traditional music of the British Isles. As the Incredible String Band used to do, Williamson and His Merry Band experiment with unusual vocal

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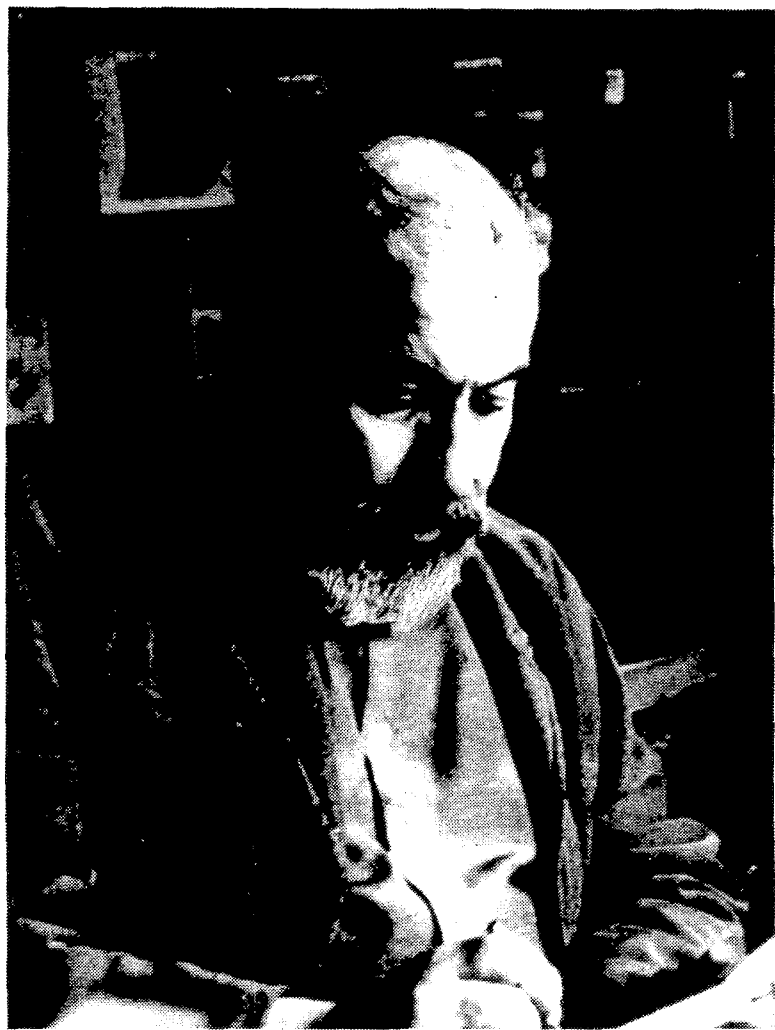
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Above: Olga Ivinskaya, longtime acknowledged mistress of Boris Pasternak. Below: Lev Kopelev, Red Army officer in WWII.



BOOKS

On the workings of Soviet justice

A CAPTIVE OF TIME: My Years with Pasternak

By Olga Ivinskaya
Doubleday & Co., \$12.50

TO BE PRESERVED FOREVER

By Lev Kopelev; forward by Lillian Hellman, afterword by Robert Kaiser
J.B. Lippincott Co., \$12.50

THE SAMIZDAT REGISTER

Edited by Roy Medvedev
W.W. Norton & Co., \$10.95

Although different in subject and style, each of these three books reveals a glimpse of little-known aspects of the workings of Soviet legal justice.

Olga Ivinskaya was for 14 years the officially recognized and publicly accepted mistress of Boris Pasternak—poet, author of the novel *Doctor Zhivago* (published widely abroad, but vilified and banned in the Soviet Union), recipient of the 1958 Nobel Prize, which he was compelled by Soviet authorities to publicly repudiate.

A translator of foreign poetry in Moscow, Ivinskaya takes the reader into the fascinating, disturbing, everyday life of Soviet literati, a world in which every writer is buffeted, manipulated, controlled by both pipsqueak and big-time bureaucrats of the all-decisive Writers' Union. Among their unlimited powers are decisions on who may publish, who may pick up translation and editing jobs (a bread-and-butter need of those forbidden to publish and who may be turned over to the political police for manuscripts unpublished or published).

Within this milieu Pasternak lived a charmed life, despite his many emotional outbursts and written protests. Intent upon discrediting him at home, but intimidated by his growing fame abroad and his somewhat unclear, good-graces relationship with Stalin, the Soviet authorities devised an ingenious method of avoiding confrontation with Pasternak by dealing only with Ivinskaya. Despite his emotional cries of guilt feelings over this arrangement, Pasternak condoned this surrogate role for the young woman he loved. It is

she, not Pasternak or his legal wife with whom he continued to live, who appeared before the Writers' Union, review boards and Party commissions again and again to defend him from official charges of anti-Soviet writing. It was the young Olga who was called upon by Soviet authorities to persuade him not to send his *Zhivago* abroad. And it was Ivinskaya who served two separate labor camp terms—in 1949 and again after his death in 1960—for Pasternak's "crimes."

Just as bizarre as this imprisonment-by-proxy is the experience of Lev Kopelev. An officer in the Red Army in the early '40s, Kopelev served in Political Intelligence—teaching captured German military personnel in front-line anti-fascist schools, advancing with the army into Germany and Poland as part of the propaganda corps.

Arrested in 1945 at the front, he is charged with "bourgeois humanism" and "anti-Soviet slander" because on a number of occasions he protested the behavior of Red Army men in the Soviet-occupied German and Polish territories (rape, massive looting, burning of civilian homes—condoned by officers). After two years in military prisons awaiting trial, Kopelev is brought to trial and is acquitted for insufficient evidence.

Two months later he is arrested again on the same charge, sentenced to three years at hard labor camp plus two years loss of civil rights. A year later he is brought back to Moscow, tried once again on the same charge because the prosecution (the State) claims the first sentence was too light. This time, on the same evidence, he is sentenced to the maximum ten years in hard labor camp plus five years loss of civil rights.

Against the background of these three trials, Kopelev relives through flashbacks the war years, life in prison and the camps, his commitment to the Party and Stalin. Remaining what he terms fiercely patriotic to his country and to socialism, he ends his account with the observation that his imprisonment was just pun-

ishment, not for the "crime" for which he was convicted, but for the crimes he had committed in the name of "worshipping Stalin...deceiving myself in the name of 'historical necessity'...teaching others to bow before scoundrels."

The brief foreword by Lillian Hellman and the afterword by Robert Kaiser, each of whom met Kopelev after his release from the labor camp, tell us that he lives in Moscow, forbidden to publish or teach; that he is a strong supporter of the socialist system, who wants to free it of "tyranny and oppression"; that he was again expelled from the Party in 1968 for his public protest against the persecution of Soviet intellectuals.

The Samizdat Register compounds further questions raised by the other two books. *Register* consists of eight essays reproduced from the first three issues of *20th Century*—a clandestine journal published inside the Soviet Union, edited by Roy Medvedev, the noted Soviet Marxist dissident.

Americans approaching this book with the idea they will find lurid, anti-Soviet writing by plotters against the socialist state will be disappointed. The essays are intellectual, historical explorations of new interpretations of one or another phase of the Russian and Soviet past. Official Soviet interpretations of the historical experience change periodically and abruptly to meet the pragmatic needs of current leadership. But independent historical and sociological thought and theory not sanctioned by the Party become "crimes" against the socialist state.

Among the essays in *Register* are a few (including one by Lev Kopelev) that polemicize from differing viewpoints against Solzhenitsen's views. They are more effective than the official sloganized, name-calling campaigns against Solzhenitsen appearing in the Soviet media.

No serious socialist would deny each country's right to its own democratic institutions, evolved from the experience and traditions of that country. However, prison-by-proxy, multiple trials for the same charge until the State gets the sentence it wants, and the forcing of serious, thoughtful exchanges of ideas into an underground—these are violations of both justice and democracy in any society, certainly in the socialist society.

—Peggy Dennis
Peggy Dennis is the author of Autobiography of an American Communist: A Personal View of a Political Life.

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FILM

Muckraking for a buck makes a fast-paced film

CAPRICORN ONE

Written and directed by Peter Hyams
Warner Brothers release,
Rated PG

The message of *Capricorn One* is not unfamiliar: that distrust of the government and its pronouncements is justified because it and its agents have, in recent years, indulged in some undeniably foul play. One need not review the revelations of the '60s and '70s to realize that we are not living in the best of all possible worlds, and one doesn't need *Capricorn One* to suggest that it may be even worse than we have suspected.

The film is a melodrama based on a set of premises like: suppose we gave a Mars shot (read Moon shot) and nobody went; suppose that the one relatively untarnished symbol of American achievement were, in point of fact, a fraud. If you can suppose that, it's not hard to suppose that men of good will and honest values could be forced into collusion with the fraud by evil and omniscient bureaucrats, and that when they finally decide to expose it, they would be harassed, dragnetted and nearly destroyed by the aforementioned demonic powers that be.

Director Peter Hyams weaves these plot threads into a carpet that is at least interesting to look at, if not suitable to lie on. The film is slick, fast-paced and even occasionally exciting—for example, the outrageous, airborne



Elliott Gould as the investigative reporter and Telly Savalas as a biplane pilot.

chase scene in the desert mountains of the Southwest. It also features a jackpot of popular players, many of whom (Telly Savalas, Karen Black and O.J. Simpson, for three) appear in mini-cameos.

In one of the more developed roles, Brenda Vaccaro, as the astronaut's earthbound wife, is at her raspy-voiced and intelligent best. Elliott Gould, on the other hand, is at his deadpan worst as the newspaper reporter who stumbles onto the government's plot

and then must scramble to avoid being killed. The part requires a tauter nerve level and a trace of peevishness; Gould never manages to convey more than the sense of being well-fed. Hal Holbrook underplays the part of the calculating NASA administrator and fails to invoke the "requirements" of national security in properly sinister fashion.

What is really distressing about *Capricorn One* is that having acknowledged the low state of the country's morale as the result of

governmental deception, it cannot resist dancing a jig. This is such irresponsible muck-raking for a buck that one never seriously asks "What if all this were possible?"

A film that explored and reflected the deeper levels of American malaise—the disillusionment with work, the luxurious ennui, even the current backlash against social progress—would be more impressive than another perverse variation on the theme that the claims of American achievement

are bunk.

For a better treatment of related subjects, take *Dr. Strangelove*, *The Bedford Incident* or even *The President's Analyst*, none of them current, but all more frightening and thought-provoking. And for a searing treatment of the corruption of the American spirit, without all the interfering shuck and jive, find a theater that's showing *Jackson County Jail*.

—Max Powell Jr.
Max Powell Jr. is a free-lance writer in Evanston, Ill.

Why is human sacrifice more horrendous than the slaughter of soldiers in war?



Iphigenia (Tatiana Papamoskou) at lower right, attempting to escape.

IPHIGENIA

Written and directed by Michael Cacoyannis
Based on a play by Euripides
Starring Irene Papas
Cinema 5 Release

The mythical history of the Trojan War doesn't sound like a subject that would interest a contemporary filmmaker or move a contemporary audience to tears. But Michael Cacoyannis (*Zorba*,

the Greek) has made not one, but three successful Trojan War epics. *Iphigenia*, currently playing in theaters all over the U.S., is the last (first in chronological order).

Most of us know at least the broad outlines of the story: that the cause of the war was the elopement of Helen, wife of a Greek king, with Paris, prince of the ruling class house of Troy; that the cream of the fighting/ruling class of Greece gathered itself in-

to an expeditionary force, headed by Agamemnon (brother of the injured husband), sailed across the Aegean, laid siege to Troy for ten years and eventually breached its walls by a trick involving a wooden horse full of commandoes; that one of the heroes (Odysseus/Ulysses) took forever getting home; and that Agamemnon was murdered by his wife on his first day back.

The siege of Troy and the wan-

derings of Odysseus are the subjects of Homer's great poems, *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey*. Agamemnon's murder and its aftermath has attracted playwrights from Aeschylus to O'Neill and Giraudoux. But the story of Iphigenia has not been dramatized in this century, probably because it involves assumptions that don't go down easily with modern audiences.

It is the story of the sacrifice of Agamemnon's oldest child to appease an angry deity who has shut off the wind so that the Greek fleet can't sail on its mission of pillage. It's quite a chore to convince today's movie-goer that insulting (or appeasing) Artemis has serious meteorological consequences, or that the whole warring peninsula would unite to avenge the domestic disgrace of a minor king—even one with major connections. And there is the character of Agamemnon, the father who orders and carries out the ritual murder—how to make him something more interesting than a bloody, superstitious barbarian.

Cacoyannis chose as the basis for the screenplay a drama by Euripides, the last and most "modern" of the classic Greek playwrights. He has kept very close to the original, freely translating it into modern Greek (which is translated into passable English subtitles), adding almost nothing and omitting less than you'd expect.

What has been omitted is for

the most part the sort of poetic description that becomes redundant with a camera to supply the images. What has been added makes sense of the ancient fable and gives it meaning for today.

This *Iphigenia* is a telling condemnation of wars of aggression, no matter how they are packaged for sale. Much of the effect is achieved by irony through the character of Iphigenia, who is seized with a nationalist passion that nerves her to walk proudly to her death "for the sake of Greece," glorifying in the fact that she and her compatriots are not "slaves or barbarians."

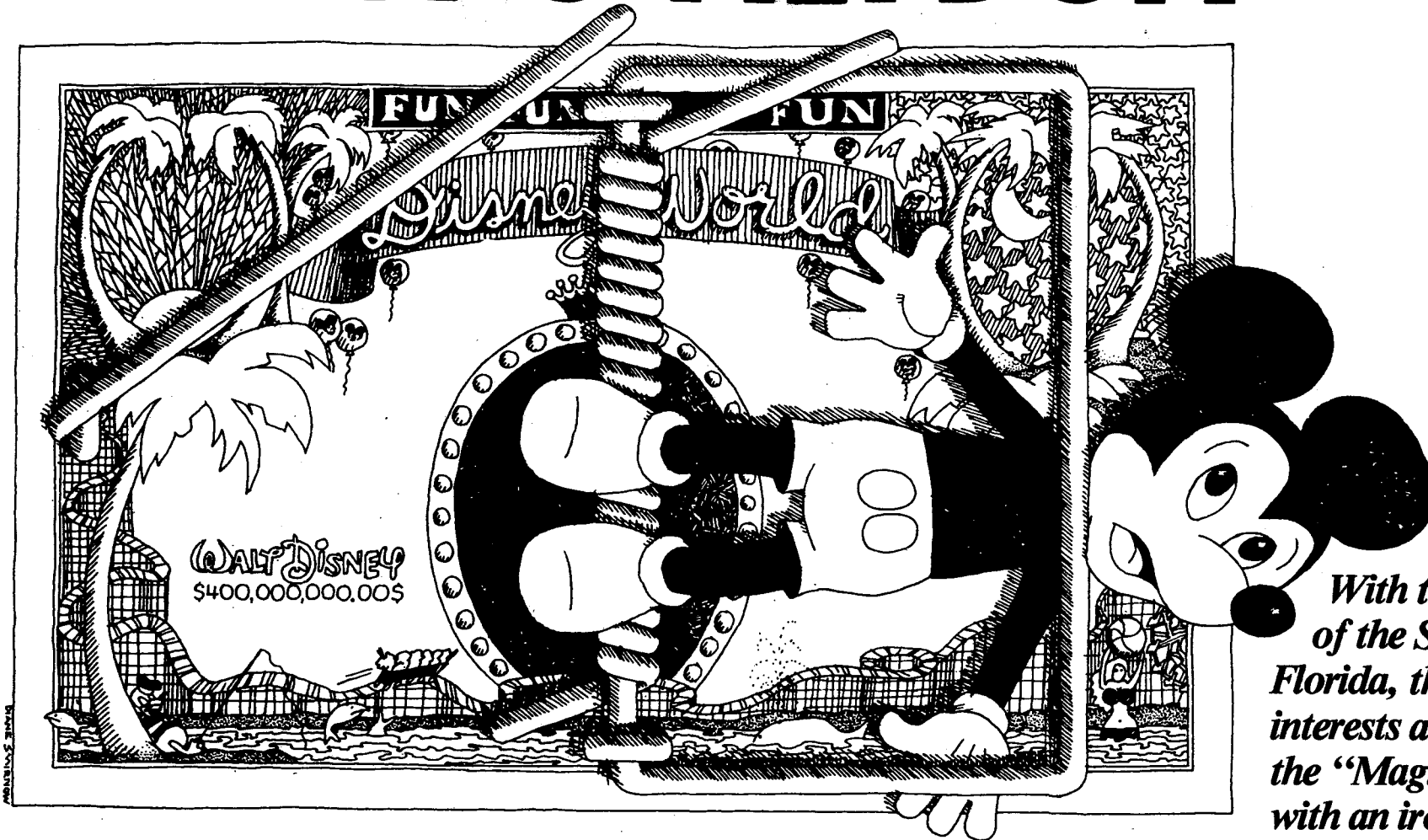
Tatiana Papamoskou, the 13-year-old actress who plays the title role, is phenomenally good. She was "discovered" by Cacoyannis when they were fellow passengers on a plane flight. (Her father is an airline pilot.) She seems headed for the place in the international film firmament now occupied by Melina Mercouri and/or the actress who plays her mother in this film—Irene Papas.

The recreation of the world of prehistoric Greece—or the creation of an acceptable version of it—is a real triumph. (Compare it, for example, to the furry Peter Brook production of *King Lear*.) The costuming is especially effective, except for the shorts in which the becalmed soldiers lie about on the beach (The soldiers are a problem in other ways as well. There are just too many of them for directorial comfort, and the unison shouting in their big scenes reminds one of a football rally.)

The score is by Mikis Theodorakis, who has composed the music for most of Cacoyannis' films, including *Zorba*, *the Greek*.

—Janet Stevenson

DISNEY'S FIEFDOM



With the willing help of the State of Florida, the Disney interests are able to rule the "Magic Kingdom" with an iron hand.

By Becky O'Malley

WHEN WALT DISNEY

productions announced it wanted to build a 17,000 acre sports village at Independence Lake in the High Sierra near here, Harold A. Berliner, a former county district attorney and mountain lawyer, got curious.

To grasp the environmental and community impact that such a development might have on the area, he flew to Orlando, Fla., for a close look at another Disney enterprise, the ten year old Disney World. What he found sent him speeding back to California dead set against the development.

What disturbed Berliner was not so much the environmental or social impacts of Disney World but that the resort's fantastic success came in large part because it had managed to create its very own government—an entity that has taxing powers and is exempt from most Florida laws governing individuals and corporations.

The Florida legislature, says Berliner, "created one of the most generous laws ever seen in the United States solely for the benefit of Disney."

"That law," which because of a legal technicality is not even printed in the regular statutes of the state of Florida, "abrogated nearly all state laws, environmental and otherwise, by means of an act which converted a simple drainage district to an improvement district with expansive powers—the Reedy Creek Improvement District."

Governed at Disney's pleasure.

"Behind the modest title 'Reedy Creek Improvement District,'" says Berliner, "hides one of the most powerful governmental units this side of the Iron Curtain, which is governed solely at the pleasure of Disney."

The boundaries of the Reedy Creek Improvement District coincide with the 44 acres purchased by Disney and Disney associates. The district is governed by a board composed of five supervisors, elected by landowners who get one vote for each acre of land owned.

The little-known law creating the district exempts it from virtually all the zoning laws, land use laws and building regulations of the state and county. The district is also granted the right of eminent domain "for any of the projects of the district," and control over a wide assortment of functions such as water and sewer systems, waste disposal, sanitation, roads

and transportation—functions normally subject to state laws.

Reedy Creek is also exempted from state laws regulating the levying of taxes, which the district is permitted to do, and from controls over district budgets and finances.

Revenue from tax-exempt bonds sold by the district (\$20 million worth of bonds were issued in 1972) may be used to finance all projects of the district, meaning the entire infrastructure of Disney World. "Disney, in effect," says Berliner, "is able in this manner to borrow money for up to 30 years in the five percent interest bracket because of the [tax] exemption, hardly competition to regularly charged interest rates in the 1970s."

The law also deals handily with any potential problems from conflict of interest between district supervisors and the Disney organization, which happens to employ the supervisors.

The concept of conflict of interest is simply abolished—no board member can be deemed to have a conflict simply because he or she works for or owns shares of a company doing business with the district. Numerous contracts have been negotiated between the district and Disney.

The law also makes it a misdemeanor not only to violate the regulations adopted by the district, but even to talk about violating them—"to advocate, propose, suggest, use or exhibit a map, plat, survey or plan of subdivision or development of land except in conformity with this act and the rules...of the Board of Supervisors."

Says Berliner: "The nature of this act is to set up a feudal domain... It is difficult to imagine an action more antagonistic to the American democratic form of government."

A feudal barony indeed.

Miami lawyer Marshall Harris, who has neither met Berliner nor read his report, "The Real Magic in the Magic Kingdom—Disney World's Own Local Government," confirms Berliner's analysis of the strange law and adds some additional observations. Harris was one of only five state legislators who voted against the act in 1967.

"Reedy Creek legislation really set up some sort of feudal barony in the state of Florida," he says. "It contains some very peculiar governance provisions."

Harris chiefly objected to giving the district the right to issue tax-exempt municipal bonds to finance the operations of

a single private corporation. "The trick, basically, was that with tax-exempt money they were doing most of the infrastructure for Disney world—the roads, the electric lines, a whole bunch of things which regular developers had to get from private money sources like banks."

"It was a price for coming into Florida," says Harris. "I don't know what percentage of their infrastructure in the total area developed was met out of such funds versus funds Disney borrowed on the commercial market, but I assume a rather substantial percentage or they wouldn't have made it such a necessary *quid pro quo* for their entry into Florida."

Harris believes Disney was able to obtain passage of the law by presenting it as a "special act," copies of which are not published or even reprinted for all members of the legislature who must vote on them. To find out what's in a special act legislators must go to the legislative clerk's office to read the original bill.

"Special legislation need only be advertised in the county in question, and generally the legislators never even see the text of such special legislation unless they're very curious," says Harris.

Harris believes that Disney's threats to re-locate the Disney World complex in another state unless the law was passed were "nonsense. They'd spent two-and-a-half years assembling the land package. They were locked into it."

California maneuvering.

Copies of the Berliner study have now been distributed to a variety of environmental activists in California in an effort to head off any similar attempt to circumvent state and local law in Sierra County, where Disney wants to build its resort.

On March 8, Disney informed the county planning commission it was suspending its development plans because of bureaucratic foot-dragging and environmental red tape.

Said project director Wing Chao, "It is the irresponsible proliferation of delays, the never-ending requests for more and more irrelevant information and studies, the bureaucratic sidetrackings and meanderings into unreasonable alternatives and the ever-increasing attendant costs to the applicant..."

Berliner, now joined by the Sierra Club and the Friends of the Earth, sees the withdrawal as a ruse to obtain special permission for Disney to operate outside California law, just as it does in Florida.

"With the Reedy Creek experience in mind, it becomes easier to understand Dis-

ney's impatience with ordinary government it doesn't own or control," he says. "It has been so used to having its own way in Florida in every conceivable field, and immediately, that the slightest exercise of regulation drives its officials wild."

A statement distributed by the Sierra Club claims, "Disney has made it clear that it seeks the same kind of above-the-law treatment it got in Florida."

Disney spokesman Wing Chao refused to comment on the charge.

Bill Press, director of California's Office of Planning and Research, which coordinates the dealings with Disney, agrees that red tape and delays on permit approvals are not the only reasons for Disney's announced withdrawal. "The process has barely begun with Disney, and already they're crying wolf," he said. "Their charge of delay is totally unfounded—they're really just getting underway."

Press points out that the state's environmental impact process has been radically streamlined since Dow Chemical Company cited it as the reason for pulling out of a multimillion dollar planned project near San Francisco a year ago.

Berliner feels that the sanctity of the law itself is now at stake. "What I saw in Florida," he says, "convinced me that it is Disney's ideas about government that are the real issue facing California. What is at stake here is whether or not we can maintain the rule of law in small, rural counties faced with a huge corporation. If Disney is able to intimidate the state of California and Sierra County into ignoring the legally established procedures, Disney will become the effective government of Sierra County."

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Becky O'Malley is an attorney and an associate editor of Pacific News Service.